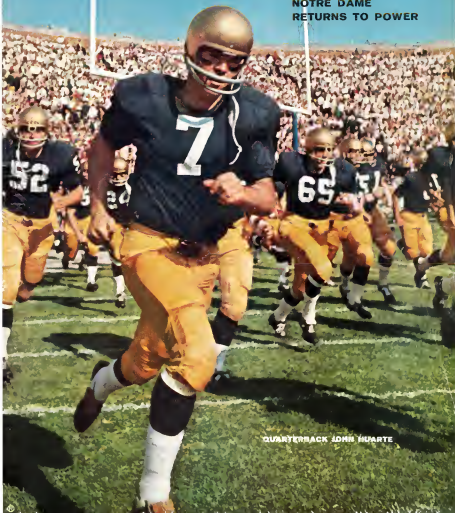


Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 2, 1964

35 CENTS

**NOTRE DAME
RETURNS TO POWER**



QUARTERBACK JOHN HUARTE



THIS IS THE YEAR TO SPOIL YOURSELF...FOR LIFE!

The new 1965 Cadillac is as inspiring to drive as it is to look at. Its many new engineering advances provide a stability and handling ease never before known—and this performance is delivered with an almost unbelievable quiet.

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No new? No right? No obviously



Cadillac



Meet the Green Bay Packers: Arms—Abe—83 Fleming, Cochran, 14 Jordan, 47 Whittenston, 46 Gower, 63 Truitt, 11 Taylor, 5 Hornung, 25 Allen, 82 Phillips, 10000 Pears, 20000 Rose—Bastin, 44 J. Kramer, 21 Jeter, 71 Kowalski, 46 Gremminger, 60 Jancuska, 86 McLean, 58 Curry, 23 Melrose, 70 Henry, 23 Norton, 24 Wynn, 12 Blackwelder, 89 Robinson, 75 Gregg, 40 Coffey, 29 Moore, 76 Skowronski, 67 Grimm, 18 Masters, 22 P. H. Bengtson. Standing—26 Aderley, 19 Hults, 81 Davis.

Why the Green Bay Packers recommend



the Norelco Comfort Shave

Just imagine what *your* face would feel like after a grueling professional football game. Wouldn't you want the shaver—the *only* shaver—that gives the *Comfort Shave*? Bet your life you would.

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All new "Flip-Top"—world's largest selling shaver model. On/off switch. Easy flip-top. Floating. Popular price. Norelco "Flip-Top" Speedshaver® 20.

Norelco / The Comfort Shave

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Bell & Howell/Canon photographic instruments
are built a little better than they really have to be.

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Contents

NOVEMBER 2, 1964 Volume 21, No. 18

Cover photograph by James Drake

20 Wake Up the Echoes!

After a dormant decade, Notre Dame is a football power again, thanks to a new coach and an un-lucky quarterback.

An Exuberant Finish in Tokyo

24 The Olympics end in an aura of fun and ceremony, and with the U.S. in possession of the most gold medals

84 Five pages of charts give the results and the medal winners in every Olympic event

32 Bravura Battle for the Braves

Atlanta is building a stadium for Milwaukee's team, but the courts may decide where it opens next spring.

34 The Preflight Moods of Sonny Liston

Before leaving Denver for his boxing bout with Clay, Sonny trained in some odd places.

44 Big Little Green Bay

The football fever of the pro game's last small town is depicted in color by Artist Robert Weaver.

60 Wild Race, Surprise Champion

Sirling Moss tells how John Sartoris won the world driving title, and analyzes his climb to the top.

68 Girl Behind a Golden Door

With a regimen of exercise, dieting, yoga and herb wraps, a fashionable beauty resort refurbishes a writer.

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 13 Scorecard | 64 Bridge |
| 53 People | 83 For the Record |
| 54 College Football | 91 19th Hole |
| 60 Motor Sports | |



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Acknowledgments on page 23

Next week

ST. LOUIS FLIPPED over its baseball Cards, now it applauds the other Cards—the pro football team fighting for the Eastern Conference title. Edwin Shrage tells his story.

A COOKER'S TOUR (over), that n of the world produces a gallery of brilliant photographs demonstrating that people who go racing are often far more fascinating than the horses.

A BEASTLY PLACE to hunt is Surinam. The army ant, the bushmaster snake, the clacking prigo all helped convince Jack Olsen that the unwary hunter is himself the hunted.

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packs more into your winter vacation



Pack your skis and your golf clubs! Perfect man-made snow mid-March at Virginia's fabulous Homestead, high in the Alleghenies. Brilliant, autumn-like weather invites you to golf through the winter on challenging courses here and



lets you fly down the slopes any day from mid-December to Alleghenies. Brilliant, autumn-like weather invites you to elsewhere in Virginia.



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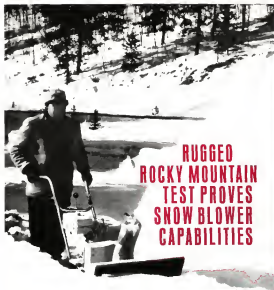
Pack your camera and your curiosity! Fill your photo album with bits of 18th century life at Colonial Williamsburg. It's extra colorful during the Christmas season, December 18 through January 2. And you can take fantastic flash shots of Virginia's underworld of caverns deep beneath the Shenandoah Valley.



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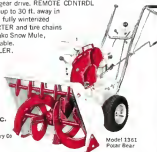
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BOOKTALK

Golfing tests, fables, fun, verse and advice are found in a new anthology

I do not have the figures in front of me, but I expect that golfers buy more instruction books, chuckle at more golf whimsy, read more fiction about their sport and sympathize more fully with accounts of the agonies of their brethren of the links than any other athletes. Indeed, there is a book out now telling how a golfer may hypnotize himself into lowering his score. Golf, the great leveler, is a listener's and reader's game, its reminiscences rich in hyperbole. Because it is played against the psyche and rampaging nature, it takes on for many the cloak of religion. It is the most quotable game, the dense remarks of teaching pros—especially if they are full of "haes" and "dunnes"—being deemed as wise as those of Socrates.

Golf, then, lends itself to anthologies, and one of the most ambitious this season is *Pin for the Course*, edited by Robert Crome (303 pages, Macmillan, \$6.95). Crome, a former sportswriter, a golfer who has broken 80 and currently the literary editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, has amassed a gallery of real and imagined golfers, golf wit, casual golf instruction, golf philosophy and golf verse. Included are funny pieces by A. A. Milne and Stephen Leacock and a George Ade fable about the Caddy Who Hurt His Head While Thinking, pieces about unusual golfers, such as Commodore Bryan Heard of Houston and Dallas, who shot his age when he reached 65 and kept it up for several years, despite handicaps like a broken arm and leg and terrible eyesight. Another character is Teneas Thompson, the golf hustler who won a bet by driving a golf ball half a mile (in ice). Humorous Writer W. F. Cady more or less proves that Shakespeare was a golfer. Here are lively descriptions of courses (Pine Valley and St. Andrews), tournaments (the 1913 U.S. Open, won by Francis Ouimet, and the 1927 British Open, won by Bobby Jones) and lady golfers (Mary Queen of Scots and Babe Didrikson Zaharias). The venerable British writer, Bernard Darwin, is represented, and there are excerpts from the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Don Marquis and Finley Peter Dunne. The funniest piece is the classic *Slovenly Saki* *Sakuraki* by Ted Burnett. The most dramatic is *The Hawk That Couldn't Kill* by Mel Allen and Frank Graham Jr.—the story of Ben Hogan's automobile accident and convalescence, and his subsequent four-stroke victory in the 1950 Open at the Merion Golf Club in Ardmore, Pa. Many pieces in the collection are familiar, and some of them are stage warts but, by and large, the golfer can come away happier, wiser and maybe a little bit more determined to attack his favorite course with his oddly shaped weapons.

—REV. LARSON

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Corvette Sting Ray Convertible

New with 4-wheel disc brakes '65 CORVETTE

Corvette for '65 offers 4-wheel disc brakes as standard equipment.

Disc brakes act smoothly, evenly. Resist fade even in the most brutal use. They're almost unaffected by water or heat.

They're self-adjusting. Need virtually no maintenance.

So what was always one of the world's greatest cars going is now one of the world's greatest cars stopping, too. But even that's not the whole story on Corvette for '65.

There's a new look—new grille styl-

ing, smooth new hood, sporty new wheel covers, and handsome front fender louvers for increased air flow through the engine compartment.

Speaking of engines, Corvette for '65 has a brand-new V8 to go with the standard 250-hp version and others, from 300- to 375-hp, that you can specify. This new V8 combines 350-hp sizzle with calm, cool behavior. Yours for the ordering in Sport Coupe or Convertible models.

Corvette's list of items you can specify to fit your taste is as long as ever:

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There's never been a sports car like Corvette. And there's never been a Corvette like this '65!



Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan



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The business shoe at left may look for all the world like a hefty brogue, but it's pure pillow at heart. Supple upper leathers, special flexible soles, padding under the insole—the works. It's one of Roblee's "Project 7" shoes—treated 7 ways for extra comfort and style.

The dress shoe at right is unlined and so soft you can practically fold it up like a billfold. So lightweight, it feels like no shoe on at all.

You'd expect the casual in the center to be soft. But Roblee took it a step further, gave it a rubber-crepe sole that makes walking so cushiony, sitting down becomes a waste of comfort.

Stop by your Roblee dealer, and try a little tenderness on your feet.

And on your wallet. Most Roblee styles are priced from 12.99 to 18.99.

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ROBLEE®

PETTY WINS 1964 NASCAR CHAMPIONSHIP IN PLYMOUTH



DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—Richard Petty, who swept win after win on the NASCAR stock car circuit in his electric-blue Plymouth this year, has roared home to take the 1964 National Association of Stock Car Racing Grand National Point Championship.

This coveted award is presented each year to the driver who earns the greatest number of points in NASCAR-sanctioned races.

For three of his fabulous five years on the circuit, Richard Petty has been runner-up. But this year, starting with his record win in the Daytona 500—where Plymouth swept the field 1-2-3—he has pulled steadily ahead.

What turned the tide for Richard Petty? The new 426-cu.-in. hemispherical-head V-8 Plymouth engine—a development that has set records tumbling around the country this year.

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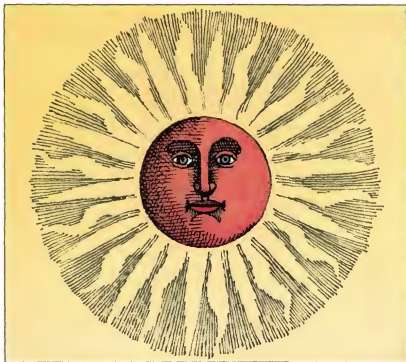


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SCORECARD

TOKYO RECEPTIONAL

With the Olympic flame doused for another four years, let us pause now and reflect on some matters discernible in the afterglow.

Item: Avery Brundage, properly distressed by improper officiating in boxing and by ludicrous and unsportsmanlike conduct on the part of some fighters (one loser slugged a referee, another refused to leave the ring for 45 minutes), hinted that the sport might be banned from future Games. That is scarcely a solution. It is up to the international federations to provide impartial judges and to control participants. An ancient, classical, worldwide sport, boxing deserves a place in any Olympic program.

Item: At the Rome Olympics of 1960 everyone laughed at the Japanese who, 500 strong, swarmed everywhere to jot down the most minute details necessary for the running of an Olympiad, even to the precise color of grass required. Ah, so, but no one laughed in Tokyo. Rather, the reaction was one of awe that so gigantic an undertaking could be directed with neither confusion nor officious heavy-handedness. Events went off as scheduled, no official got in the way of any performer, there was always a wind gauge present when a world record in track was set. The Mexicans, hosts to the next Games, came to Tokyo with only 200 officials and a casual air. "We are not sure we can guarantee the organization of these Games," conceded Professor Manuel Aguilar, Mexican *chef de mission*. "The weather will be nice, though."

Item: Come 1968, watch the Germans. Their combined East-West team garnered 50 medals—two less than were collected by all the British Commonwealth nations combined, placing them third behind only the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. They collected eight in the U.S.-dominated swimming and diving, won a gold medal in yachting, finished two-three-four behind American Fred Hansen, world-record holder, in the pole vault and, in the decathlon, universally considered to be the supreme test of an ath-

lete, captured first, third and sixth. They could very well be even more of a force at Mexico City.

ESTEEMED SPORTSMAN

Herbert Hoover's love for sport was as genuine as his love for stricken mankind. He had been baseball manager at Stanford University, and his affection for the game survived to the end. He was long a familiar sight at Yankee Stadium, seated in a box along the first-base line, pencil in hand, scorecard in lap, meticulously jotting down hits and strikeouts, double plays and errors. When, as President of the U.S., he threw out the first ball of the season, he did it with unfeigned joy.

As for fishing, few have written more eloquently about a sport that has inspired much literature. His humor had a gentle bite. He once described Calvin Coolidge's back cast as "a common danger." And in his book *Fishing for Fun and to Wash Your Soul* (Random House, \$3), published just last year, he wrote:

"Life is not comprised entirely of making a living or of arguing about the future or defaming the past. It is the break of waves in the sun, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain in their manifestation of the Maker—it is all these that soothe our troubles, shame our wickedness, and inspire us to esteem our fellow men—especially other fishermen."

BY ANY OTHER NAME

Houston's National League baseball team will travel next season, but without a gun. Because of legal action taken by the Colt Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., the club has decided to change its name from the Colt .45s to something less litigious.

The Colt people granted permission three years ago for use of the name and product as the symbol of Houston's expansion-born team, deriving much valuable publicity therefrom. But they bridled when the ball club subtlet the nickname and insignia to novelty companies without cutting the firearms company in on the profits. Major league baseball people are notoriously touchy about

sharing profits with anyone, and Judge Roy Hofheinz, Houston president, reacted predictably. He announced that the club would change its name.

Changing a baseball team's nickname never has been easy. The Boston Braves tried without success to become the Bees. The Philadelphia Phillies never could persuade their followers to call them Blue Jays. The Washington Nationals are irrevocably Senators. Even the Daughters of the American Revolution had little luck in demanding that the Cincinnati Reds become the Redlegs. "Let the Russians change their name," a Cincinnati sports columnist snorted. "We were the Reds before they were."

Hofheinz seems to be leaning toward the Houston Stars because this is the space age, you see, and there is a play on words involved. On the other hand, a fan has suggested that the team be called the Houston Clowns because they will play under the domed stadium's big top. Hofheinz did not much care for that proposal.

REFORMATION

When Bob Gibson, World Series pitching hero of the St. Louis Cardinals, was a hard-throwing pitcher for Creighton University of Omaha, Jesse Bradshaw



was a hard-hitting outfielder for Midland College of nearby Fremont, Neb., a Lutheran institution. Bradshaw was studying for the ministry. He came to bat one day against a Gibson whose control was not what it was in the World Series. In the time-tested manner of so many sluggers, Bradshaw was chewing tobacco. One of Gibson's high hard ones began to sail directly at Bradshaw's head. Brad-

continued



Any change will be an improvement.

All we do when we change the Volkswagen is to make it work even better.

We don't play with the way it looks. So the 1965 VW still looks the same.

And there you have the whole Volkswagen point of view.

We keep looking for ways to improve it. And then we knock our brains out to

make the new pieces fit old VWs, too.

All the improvements make a car look better. And every one has made the car a touch better than it was before.

This year, for example, all the windows are bigger. There's more legroom in back. The heater, defroster has been improved. And so have the brakes.

Even the jack has been redesigned.

This system not only makes the VW better all the time, but also makes parts easier to get, mechanics more skillful and owners always in style.

And we can still sell it for \$1,595.*

Keep the change.

shaw ducked away, and in the excitement swallowed his chaw. He departed from the plate ill, not bothering to complete his time at bat and ever since, through his ordination and on to today, the Rev. Jesse Bradshaw has limited himself to licorice.

CONCEUPPANCE FOR JOEY

In all things fistie, Middleweight Champion Joey Giardello considers himself a smart guy. But last week, after his title fight with Hurricane Carter was canceled, Giardello was less certain about it. In the 11 months since he won the title from Ock Tiger, Giardello has turned down an uncommon number of big-money offers. Most of them he dismissed airily as "phony." (He knew all about bogus \$100,000 guarantees since that is how he got the fight with Tiger.)

Joey passed up one offer from Jose Torres. It was backed by a \$75,000 certified cashier's check, but Joey said the guarantee was too small. Instead he accepted a promise of \$102,500 from Las Vegas' Silver State Sports Club and from Telescript, a closed-circuit TV company, to fight Carter. The guarantee was fat and the money was insured—or so he thought. Silver State deposited a check for \$55,000, and Telescript put up a \$60,000 letter of credit with the Nevada boxing commission. But the check bounced and Telescript had second thoughts. A week before the fight the closed-circuit company threw in the towel and told Giardello that as far as it was concerned the fight was off. And so was the \$60,000 letter of credit.

"This is the worst experience I've had in 17 years of boxing," said Giardello, who probably will defend his title early this winter but for considerably less than \$100,000.

SIT-UPPERS, TAKE NOTICE

Seeking immortality, a Marine drill instructor at Quantico, Va. set what was claimed as a record 8,500 sit-ups last year. This year no one remembers his name. It is just as well, because the record is now 14,000 sit-ups, which makes 8,500 look puny.

It was set at the Tampa, Fla. YMCA by a 28-year-old FBI agent, John Greenshields, who required six hours and 10 minutes and the sustenance of four cookies and some lemon drops to do it. He could have gone on for another 1,000, Greenshields said, but he had

continued

WHO'S BOSS

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Add the four famous Wright features and you have footwear that establishes a comfortable working relationship between a man and his feet. You're the Boss — nine to five, and as late as you like.

Style illustrated — #213 in Black



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We do.



Heineken beer is aged longer for a very good reason. It tastes better that way. Aging mellows and enhances the flavor. So, why not take a little more time with Heineken? We do.

HEINEKEN, THE FULLY AGED BEER IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND.

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC., N.Y.C.

SCORECARD *continued*

worn out five different counters and the Y chief asked him please to knock it off.

Greenshields said he did 8,000 sit-ups while in training at the FBI school in Quantico about a year ago. Hitting 14,000 was easier because he had trained more rigorously for the test. Since June he has been doing 1,000 sit-ups before breakfast every day, tapering off with another 500 before going to bed. On weekends he racked up between 4,000 and 5,000.

His wife, Patricia, thanks for some reason that Greenshields is a little goofy about sit-ups, but consider what will happen to the next criminal who tries punching him in the belly. The crook will break his hand.

A QUESTION OF COLOR

Throughout the history of the Thoroughbred horse it was considered genetically impossible to produce one that was all white. But within the space of two years two all-white Thoroughbreds have been foaled—the first in France a year ago last summer, the second in Kentucky a year ago. The French colt was named *Mont Blanc*, and the Kentucky, a filly, was named *White Beauty*. In each case there was suspicion that a scandal involving a haremery horse might be in the family background, but after investigation *Mont Blanc* was allowed registry in the official French stud book and The Jockey Club admitted *White Beauty* to Thoroughbred society.

White Beauty's sire was Ky Colonel, who is a chestnut. Her dam, *Filly o'Mine*, is a dark bay. Herman Goodpaster, her owner, is training *White Beauty* for a debut at Keeneland in April.

Goodpaster has a colt in his stable, also sired by Ky. Colonel. His name is *Whis Wander* and he is red, white and blue.

REJUVENATION IN FIJI

In the half century since a New Zealand-er started a Rugby ball rolling under Fiji's coconut trees during World War I, the game has become the national sport of 260,000 native Fijians. Until this fall the Fijians played Rugby only among themselves and against Australia, New Zealand, Tonga and Western Samoa. Then last month Rugby-mad Wales invited them to fly half around the world to play five Welsh teams. To everyone's astonishment, Fiji won two, lost two and tied one. The last game in Cardiff Arms

continued



NINETY-EIGHT
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Park attracted 50,000 spectators. It was a thriller. With one man out of action and no substitutions allowed, Fiji lost 28-22 in a match that connoisseurs said would go down in the books as one of the great games.

So popular were the Fijians in Wales that the French Rugby Federation eagerly invited them to play five matches in France. The French played much more conservatively than the Welsh, and the free-passing Fijians did not fare so well. They won only one of the five matches, lost their last game 21-3, but the score was misleading, since three "tries" (touchdowns) were made in the last 10 minutes. By that time the Fijians were showing the effects of playing 10 games in a month but they mustered enough strength to perform a Fiji war dance that the French loved.

The Fiji invasion of Europe may have had a considerable effect on the game. "Give the ball plenty of air," say Welsh fans, meaning that they want to see a wide-open game. Probably no rugby team gives the ball a better airing than the Fijians. Even in the shadow of their goal posts they toss the ball around like the Harlem Globetrotters in basketball.

"The Fijians may not have won all the time," a Welsh expert observed, "but they have certainly rejuvenated the sport."

THEY SAID IT

• Bill Hardin, 400-meter hurdler from LSU, explaining why he turned down an invitation to join a track tour of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa at the conclusion of the Olympics: "I just can't miss the LSU-Ole Miss football game."

• A. B. (Happy) Chandler, baseball commissioner from 1945 to 1951: "Most of the owners in baseball today couldn't care less about the future of the game. They have no interest in, nor any consideration for, the American people, who pay the bills."

• Frank Broyles, head coach of the unbeaten, untied Arkansas Razorbacks, on the mysteries of football polls: "For Arkansas ever to be voted No. 1, we'd have to win all our games and everybody else in the country would have to lose two."

• Chuck Mills, U.S. Merchant Marine Academy coach, after his team lost to Bucknell 37-0: "Fortunately, we were up for the game, or else we would have been killed."

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WAKE UP THE ECHOES!

After a dormant decade, undefeated Notre Dame is once again a national power, thanks to a new coach, a very un-Irish quarterback, a defense with a cheering section of its own and that old, old spirit **by DAN JENKINS**

Once every 10 years or so Notre Dame recounts the golden dome rising above its campus so that it glows brightly, especially during football season when the orange-and-red fire of autumn sweeps through the trees below. Last Saturday, as Notre Dame defeated Stanford 28-6 to remain unbeaten in five games, the dome on the main building seemed to be giving off beams of inspiration as it did in the days of Frank Leahy and Knute Rockne. Notre Dame is winning again.

Even before Notre Dame reached a stunning 5-0 record, its first since 1953,

which was Frank Leahy's last season, there was a feeling among the students and the university's far-flung followers that this was the year and Ara Parseghian was the coach and 1964 would see a proud football tradition resurrected once more.

"It was more than a feeling, it was a fever," says Notre Dame Captain Jim Carroll, who plays linebacker. "We all caught the fever with the first words Coach Parseghian said to the squad. He said, 'We will win.' And the way he is—intense, enthusiastic, confident—you sort of felt he wouldn't allow anything

else to happen. He's a wonderful coach."

Winning football games has twice before been a natural law at Notre Dame. It began under Knute Rockne in 1918. For 13 raucous years, through 1930, Rockne's teams were five times undefeated and three times national champions, winning an appalling 105 games while losing only 12. These teams were led by George Gipp and the Four Horsemen and Markey Schwartz—all those folklore characters. "I say college football began with Rockne," says Ara Parseghian, violating the memory of the Princeton-Rutgers game of 1869.

JAMES ORAM



Student mascot in leprechaun costume leads the cheer for heroes such as Halfback Bill Wuerki (right), who scored three times against Stanford.



Notre Dame's second hallowed period of success came under Frank Leahy. From 1941 through 1953 Leahy's teams were six times unbeaten and four times national champions. Leahy won 87 games, lost just 11. And these were the teams of Angelo Bertelli and Johnny Lujack and Leon Hart and Johnny Lattner, and they would have been a swell buy for CBS.

"With all of our tradition, you can just imagine how hungry our students have been during these lean years," says Athletic Director Ed Krause. "They know the history, but they've had nothing to yell about. It's easy to see why the fever has gripped them, and why Ara's enthusiasm got them from the beginning."

The fever erupted as early as one cold, snowy night last February when, spontaneously, 2,000 students on the all-male campus gathered on the slush-covered steps of Sorin Hall and chanted for Parseghian to come talk to them about a sport that was seven months away. Ara put on a muffler and talked.

"One thing about Notre Dame," says Parseghian. "It's like a service academy in a lot of ways. There is a closeness. There are no fraternities—just one big one, Notre Dame. And I tell you, it does have traditions. Kneel Rockne is more alive around here today than a lot of live people somewhere else."

The more superstitious among Notre Dame's fervent followers had other reasons to be excited by Parseghian's arrival as head coach. The timeliness of it dredged up almost as many good omens as there were losses for the past few years. For one, exactly 10 seasons passed between the eras of Rockne and Leahy and now 10 have passed since Leahy retired and Parseghian asked Father Edmund Joyce, executive vice-president and athletic board chairman, for the job. For another, two men coached Notre Dame between Rockne and Leahy and only two, really—since Hugh Devore was a one-year "interim" coach—have tried to rebuild the Irish between Leahy and Ara. Parseghian is, incidentally, the first combination of non-Catholic and non-Notre Dame graduate to be coach. He is a dark-eyed Presbyterian of Armenian descent from Miami of Ohio. Finally, according to Notre Dame's publicity director and chief omen counter, Charlie Callahan, the Irish have usually done well when they

have had quarterbacks whose names were unusual and un-Irish. There were Stuhldreher and Carideo under Rockne and there were Bertelli and Lujack and Guglielmi under Leahy, and now there is Johnny Huarte (see *over*) under Parseghian.

Almost everyone at Notre Dame these days has an explanation for the team's surprising success—the new coach, better defense, the new substitution rules, prayer, luck, soft schedule so far—but one of the more valid ones is Quarterback Huarte, a slim, quiet, gentlemanly senior of Basque-German ancestry from Anaheim, Calif., whose name is pronounced Hugh-erri. Against Stanford, Huarte was worthy of the dozens of choruses of the familiar "Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame, wake up the echoes . . ." which roared down from the packed crowd of 56,765. He completed 21 passes for 300 yards, a school record.

"I wouldn't have guessed at the start of spring training that Johnny would be our quarterback," says Jim Carroll. "He didn't move the ball too well on the ground, and he wasn't sharp on his signals. But, hey, did he come around."

Huarte came around on his throwing arm. Parseghian, a pass-conscious man who had just left Northwestern and Tom Myers, noted right off that Huarte had a quick delivery, dancing feet, could throw sidarm and off-balance, escape the rush, had good ability for faking hand-offs and a knack for what the coach calls "linding the open seam" on a pass pattern.

"I felt all along that if I could develop some confidence I'd get a chance," says Huarte. "Coach Parseghian gave me that confidence. He said I was his quarterback even if I fumbled and threw some interceptions. But he said not to throw too many."

Huarte almost did not get to throw at all. A shoulder separation in the spring at first looked as if it would require surgery. Ara had four doctors examine it and opinion was divided. Huarte made the decision to forgo surgery—he would have been lost for the season—and the shoulder mended itself. "Every time he hits a pass, I think how close we came to not having him around, and I shudder," says Parseghian.

Parseghian not only discovered a passer, he found a splendid receiver as well in Jack Snow, another Californian who has utilized his sure hands and his

215 pounds to pull in 34 passes for 395 yards, already another Notre Dame record. In what is basically a power formation, Snow plays a split end. "The Huarte-to-Snow combination is certainly our most dangerous weapon," says Parseghian. "Our best runners—Nick Lddy, Bill Wolski—are tough but not too fast."

Parseghian drilks taking any credit for discovering the combination. "It's tough for me to talk about it," he says. "Here's Hugh Devore [now assistant athletic director], as wonderful a guy as there ever was. I don't want people saying, 'Why didn't Hugh discover them?' Nobody knows why an athlete suddenly develops [Huarte did not even earn his letter last year], why a pitcher wins 20 games one season and only half that many the next."

The fact is, however, that Parseghian is using pretty much the same personnel that could not win a year ago for Devore or even for Rockne's spirit. Ara has made some minor position shifts, and four sophomores are co-opted in the defense, but five members of the offensive unit were regulars in 1963 and, counting Jim Carroll of the defense, there are actually six starters back.

"Platoons," says Parseghian with pleasant relish. "There's the story behind our five wins. We've got an offensive team and a defensive team, strictly using platoons under the new rules and, believe me, there is no depth. If more than two or three of our boys had to go both ways—well, I don't think the people around here would be so excited about our record right now."

Notre Dame's defensive unit, which is the best in the country against rushing, is given a standing ovation by the student section each time it trots off the field. Led by Carroll (78 tackles in five games) and Defensive Back Tony Carey (six interceptions), the defense has been almost as destructive to victims (Wisconsin 31-7, Purdue 34-15, Air Force 34-7, UCLA 24-0 and Stanford 28-6) as Huarte's passes and Snow's catches. A total of 10 touchdowns has been provided by the defense, either through fumble recoveries or interceptions. The second game of the season, against Purdue, Parseghian's emotional and important home opener, offers the best examples of Notre Dame's defensive alertness. The score was impressive, but it was spiraled by a 45-yard touchdown interception, a 57-yard blocked kick

and ranback and the recovery on Purdue's three-yard line of a 70-yard quick kick that accidentally touched a Boiler-maker player.

The blocked punt was the result of a spectacular effort by two of Parseghian's brightest hopes for the future, sophomore Tackles Kevin Hardy (6 feet 5, 250), who slammed into the ball, and Alan Page (6 feet 5, 230), who scooped it up and ran for the touchdown. As Page ran, Parseghian ran along the sideline with him, shouting and gesturing.

"I sometimes get excited," smiles Ara.

Parseghian not only has a right to be excited about Notre Dame's defense, but also about its defensive coach, John Ray. "He's a genius," says Jim Carroll. Well, Parseghian thought so when he hired Ray from John Carroll University after he had taken the South Bend job. As a head coach at John Carroll, former Notre Dame player Ray specialized in defense, won 29 games and lost only six in five seasons. "I heard him talk about defense at a coaching clinic," says Ara, "and was tremendously impressed."

Says Linebacker Jim Carroll, "There are two or three boys on our defensive team that are playing great ball, and I think you have to say that Coach Ray is directly responsible."

Good as it is, the Notre Dame defense has yet to confront its severest tests. Navy, Pittsburgh, Michigan State, Iowa and Southern California—all potentially explosive teams, and old enemies—lie in wait. Ara Parseghian naturally believes his season has really only begun. "People are talking about Rockne and Leahy and bowl games—bowl games!—and win streaks. Why, there'll never be any more win streaks like Notre Dame and Oklahoma once had. Teams are too even today. With the teams we've still got to play, I live in constant fear."

Meanwhile, Notre Dame lives in constant oldtime frenzy. "The spirit on the campus is the highest since the days of Rockne," says Ed Krause, mentioning that name again. "I couldn't make it any plainer than that." Neither could Father John Moran, the elderly director of admissions, who left a hospital bed two weeks ago to see the UCLA game from a wheelchair. Nor could Frank Gaulk, the senior chairman of the pep rally committee, who says, "We can finally cheer, not because Notre Dame was great in the '20s or '40s, but because they're great now."

END



Coach Ara Parseghian, seated beneath portrait of Knute Rockne, is becoming an instant legend.

AN EXUBERANT FINISH IN TOKYO

The Russians came fast in the final week to win the most medals, but the Americans had the most golds and the real victory. Then the Olympic Games ended—on a high note of fun and unforgettable ceremony **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

They had begun in warmth and sunlight, in a great barrage of natural color, and now, 14 days later, the Games of the XVIII Olympiad were ending in the ice-bucket coolness of a Japanese October, with skyrockets and Roman candles embroidering the black Tokyo sky with light as strikingly artificial as that of the opening day was real. In between, the lights had been brightest in the eyes of Western athletes, particularly the Americans, as they took in the sights and the majesty of the gold medals. The noise of the Games had become the cluck-clucking of tongues over wild Western successes that seemed to begot

success: Kansan Bill Morris, for example, a shotgun shooter of clay pigeons who had won a bronze medal in the afternoon, happened past an American slot machine that night in the Sanno Hotel, risked an American nickel and won \$250.

Now, however, as in the beginning, the noises were from the electronic gongs the Japanese call *kane* and which sound like a hangover put to music, and from the covee needs one remembers from Charlie Chan movies. The closing ceremony was appropriately Far Eastern and when, at last, the athletes from 94 nations made the final swing out of

Tokyo National Stadium, 75,000 people stood to applaud. The butane Olympic flame had been turned off and a blazing "SAYONARA" flashed on the scoreboard in capital letters. At that moment of opportunity, a maverick group of nine New Zealand athletes had a second thought. Grinning preposterously, they broke ranks and began loping around the track in one last ceremonious romp, pausing in their progress to dance impromptu jigs and to sing sudden songs. In front of the imperial box, they repeated their comic opera for Emperor Hirohito himself, bowing from the waist in an exaggerated series of jerks. Dis-

A handful of New Zealanders races happily around the track after the closing ritual, singing and dancing and blowing kisses to Emperor Hirohito



tance Runner Bill Baillie threw the Emperor a record-breaking kiss (of the numbers who had stood in his imperial presence, no one had ever done that before). Remarkably, nobody hurried to intervene. The Emperor smiled in spite of himself, and doffed his Western hat.

The Games now had had—and seen—about everything. There had been two weeks of holding together under severe outside influences—men rocketing into space, nuclear bombs going off, Communist blocks getting knocked off, capitalist scandals being exposed—and a steady stream of inside intrigue. In the last two days four Hungarians defected to the West, a Nationalist Chinese pistol shooter defected to Communist China—which hardly needs another gun—and two Bulgarian athletes got married at the Olympic Village in a language they did not understand.

For all that, the Games went on and then off with barely a wrinkle, and Tokyo survived. It survived them honor-

ably, with dignity, having staged them with dispatch and with that extra little touch of precision grace that characterizes the Japanese. The Japanese had, as a poet once said of them, demonstrated "the skill to do more, with the will to refrain."

There was an eagerness and an awareness among the Japanese that was astounding. School kids recognized Avery Brundage, the president of the International Olympic Committee, on sight, and begged for his autograph. The *Mainichi Daily News* was so well up on athletic goings-on that it felt qualified to level a stiff editorial blast across 4,500 miles of ocean at America's National Collegiate Athletic Association for "meddling" in Amateur Athletic Union affairs. On the day Bikila Abebe, of the Ethiopian police guard, pounded along the Koshu Highway on his way to becoming the first man to win two Olympic marathons, the crowds began gathering at sunset and during the race were five and six deep along the 26-mile route.

A television station carried the entire race.

Of the 2.1 million tickets printed for the Games, 98% were sold, as compared with 46% in Rome in 1960. Some went on the black market at four times their face value. Happily, and significantly, in view of the Japanese regard for their young, every venue on every day had 20% of its seats put aside for black-uniformed school kids, their places in the stands guaranteed by the Minister of Education.

With that will to refrain, the Japanese averted their eyes from loud-talking restaurant guests and 3 a.m. hotel hallway stragglers, and steeled themselves to the Anglo-Saxon cries of "Down in front!" and, "Get that stupid ref a rule book!" and, "Hey, you!" Days after his defeat, Ranatunge Karunananda of Ceylon, who was lapped four times in the 10,000 meters and finished on a deserted track, still received gifts and letters from sympathetic Japanese. "I saw you on TV, running all alone," wrote one house-

continued

In the imperial box, complete with portable TV, the Emperor's grandson, Prince Hiro, watches the festivities with his mother, Princess Michiko.





Pole Japanese spectators remove their shoes before crowding onto a curbside mat to watch Ethiopia's famed two-time marathon champion, Bikila Abebe, pass past a traditional torii gate.

wife, "and I could not keep back my tears." American Wrestler Bobby Pickens found he could not pay for a drink in one Japanese bar, where his size—6 feet 4, 245 pounds—was the object of large quantities of admiration and the negotiable equivalent of any credit card. By sad contrast, one calloused restaurateur in the gaudy Akasaka district did not hesitate for a money-making second to let 17- and 18-year-old American swimmers, out on the town after their magnificent showing the week before, get their hot hands on cold beer, and even as late—or early—as two in the morning. Even pickpockets showed more class than that—of 194 arrested in two weeks, only four in the Olympic area had dipped a foreign wallet.

Japanese athletes wound up with 16 gold medals, only nine less than their total accumulation from 1896 through 1960, and in the final compilation third to the U.S. team, which led with 36, and Russia, with 30. The host country usually does well—the Italians were outstanding in 1960, the Australians in 1956—and the hosts in Tokyo took flowing pride in the five golds won in wrestling and the victory of their unbeatable and wondrously adept girls' volleyball team (St. March 15). (There was one note for future reference: Mexico, which will hold the Games in 1968 and which had 105 athletes in Tokyo, won only one medal, a bronze in boxing.)

But in the end the Japanese needed to do some prodigious refraining to maintain their humble, good-natured front, because face was just as good as obliterated in what was, for the Japanese, the single most important match of the Games, the *jū-wēigis* division of judo competition. In that national disaster, 265-pound Dutchman Anton Geesink pinned the Japanese champion, Akio Kaminaga, 45 pounds lighter, in nine minutes. Composed the next day, a Tokyo columnist gave Geesink "humble thanks" for his contributions toward making judo an international sport, though it will not be included in the 1968 Olympiad in Mexico City.

In the Olympic Village, sportswriters had recurrent visions of Soviet athletes popping over the back fence and dashing for the U.S. Embassy. One report got around that Broad Jumper Igor Ter-Ovanesyan was practically under house arrest. The truth was that if concern was rampant among Soviet worriers over

life in post-Khrushchev Russia, there was no panic and defections were not likely. Ter-Ovanesyan seemed to have complete freedom of movement and freedom of speech—he even talked of his hopes of attending an American school sometime in the next two years on the exchange program—and on the Friday night before the Games ended he joined Valeri Brumel, the high jumper, and a couple of Australians, including Tony Sneazwell, another high jumper, in a relaxed, impromptu celebration of Brumel's victory.

Sneazwell had been eliminated early in the high jump at a height nearly five inches below the Tokyo National Stadium record of 7 feet 2½ inches that he himself had set a year earlier, and he was reliving his mistakes. As the evening wore on and communication improved, Brumel, who had cleared 7 feet 1¼ inches in winning his gold medal (he tied John Thomas of the U.S. but won first place because he had had fewer misses along the way) said that he wished he could have jumped 7 feet 2½.

"If you had jumped 7 feet 2½," said

Sneazwell cheerfully. "I would have punched you in the nose."

At 3 in the morning, still raging inside, Sneazwell went back to the Olympic Village, put on his sweat suit and ran 12 laps around the field—or three miles as the angry crow flies. In the morning he got out of bed, went back to the practice field again and tried to get Edward Czernak of Poland, another high-jumping star who failed badly, into a *memo a memo* contest. "The final," Sneazwell announced grandly, "of the losers."

Other losers had even worse moments. Gray Simons, the U.S. flyweight wrestler and a pre-Olympic favorite, was being consoled awkwardly by a U.S. official after his defeat. The official, trying hard but missing, said, "Well, you just weren't good enough." Miler Tom O'Hara, who had suffered from a virus and never got adjusted to the time change, ran with pains in his chest in his semifinal heat and did not even qualify for the final of the 1,500 meters, which Peter Snell won with a great display of speed and strength to add to his earlier win in the 800. Disconsolate, the boyish O'Hara went to his

room and told Jerry Weiland, his coach from Loyola University, that he would never run again. Later, after the initial tremor had passed, O'Hara cut "never" down to a month.

The absorbing two-day, 10-event decathlon was played against a background that included a newly revised scoring table, some typically Teutonic thoroughness in preparation and the shockingly ineffective figure of C. K. Yang, the gaunt, broad-shouldered native of Taiwan who had been such a heavy favorite to bring China its first Olympic gold medal. The scoring table had been revised to bring the 10 decathlon events into better harmony with one another. (The introduction of the height-conquering fiber-glass pole had made the pole vault, in particular, worth a disproportionate number of points in decathlon competition.) The revised table was a blow to Yang, a 16-foot vaulter, but what affected him even more was the sharp competitive condition of the Germans, who had so concentrated on the decathlon that they finished first, third and sixth. The winner was Willi Holdorf.

continued



New Zealand's incomparable Peter Snell splashes back almost diagonally as he sprints into the stretch on his way to an easy victory in the 1,500.

a 24-year-old university student from the tiny factory city of Leverkusen on the Rhine. Holdorf was the best of a cadre of Germans who worked for months under Fred Scharrer, a tall, friendly West German who had been named national decathlon coach in 1940. Scharrer had boned up on Soviet and American training techniques and worked his charges hard in a series of biweekly training and competitive sessions. In Tokyo, Holdorf took an early lead and held it, though as the exhausting 1,500-meter run, the final event, began, three men were still close enough to beat him. Particularly dangerous were Russia's Rein Aun and America's Paul Herman, both of whom could run much faster 1,500s than the German. "I knew that I could win if I could stay within 60 meters of Aun and 100 meters of Herman," said Holdorf, a tall, holding blond who is built like a wedge of custard pie standing on its point. Aun took an immediate lead, with Herman in desperate pursuit and Holdorf gradually falling farther and farther behind. But at the finish Holdorf, tottering half-conscious over the line, was close enough to salvage victory from Aun by the narrow margin of 45 points.

Yang, below par in most events, did not even vault particularly well. "He's been injured," said Bob Mathias, Olympic decathlon champion in 1948 and 1952, "but he's been hurt just as much by too little competition at a high level." Ninth after the first day, Yang fought back gamely on the second day, but at the end he was a bitterly disappointed fifth, 237 points behind the victorious Holdorf. With no gold medal—with no medal at all—C. K. consoled his weeping wife and announced his retirement from competition.

Robbie Brightwell of Great Britain, who finished fourth in the 400 to miss a medal, saw his fiancée, Ann Packer, pick up a silver medal in the women's 400 and then a gold in the 800 and a world record to boot. "I ran well because Robbie had not won a medal," said the pert, clear-eyed Ann, who was to these games what Wilma Rudolph was to the Rome Olympics. "I was thinking about him and not about myself, and so I wasn't nervous."

Brightwell came back later with a magnificent anchor leg in the 1,600-meter relay to gain Britain a second place and himself a silver medal, but after his failure in the 400 he said, "If she had not been there when I lost, I think I would have leaped off a building."

"But what is it, really?" Ann said. "So many have won medals, I don't think it is better than doing anything

else well. I won a gold medal because I ran twice around a track, that's all."

Brightwell looked at her. "I don't think you realize what you have won," he said. "It will take years, maybe, before you realize what it means to win an Olympic gold medal. But one day you will open a book and see that Jesse Owens won four gold medals in 1936, and you will see your name in the book,



Winner of two medals, Britain's Ann Packer comforts her beaten fiancé, Robbie Brightwell.

too, and then you will realize what you have done."

For the medul-heavy Americans the last week was an anticlimax, made even less exciting by persisting rain and fog that took the glow from Tokyo and made it flat by day and inconvenient by night. They had scored heavily in swimming the week before and by Monday had delivered the killing blows in track and field. By then the Russians could bury any revolutionary plans they might have had for a big breakthrough in the sport that is really what the Olympics is all about, track and field. The Americans won 12 gold medals (plus two more in women's events) to Russia's two (plus three in women's). On Wednesday the two American sprint champions—Bob Hayes and Henry Carr—provided a striking climax, running anchor legs in the two relays. First Hayes, winner of the gold at 100 meters and reportedly nine suits ahead in his wardrobe after a tailor-to-tailor dash around Tokyo with his mother, swept from fifth place to a devastating three-yard victory and a team world record in the 400-meter relay. He was unofficially clocked in 8.6 seconds for his running-start 100-meter leg and was easily the most exciting American trackman, running with a muscular determination that had the crowds roaring, in heats as well as finals. Carr, gold medalist at 200 meters, was almost as impressive. Coming off a blistering start in the last heat of the 1,600 meters, he let his rivals draw close to him, then pulled easily away to win by six yards in another world-record race.

"Hank could run 400 meters in 44 flat," said an amazed Mike Larrabee, the winner of the gold in that event and second man on the 1,600-meter relay team. "Trouble is he's lazy."

"Why should I run 400 meters?" Carr demanded. "I'm the world's best at 200. I'm not greedy."

By Friday someone had identified the hot horn in the stands that had been applying the finishing kick to the truncated Japanese version of *The Star-Spangled Banner* played after each American victory. Gallantly picking up on the down-beat side of "so gal-lant-ly streaming" with his solo trumpet was Uan Rasey, the lead horn for the M-G-M studio

orchestra and a globe-trotting track nut. To blow his horn, Rasey stationed himself just below the torch at National Stadium, presumably to get maximum range for "And the rockets' red glare. . . ." He was later joined by Bob Crosby and the Bobcats, who were appearing at a Tokyo nightclub and were equally concerned that Francis Scott Key was not being fully and internationally appreciated.

By Friday night the only thing left to be determined as far as the Americans were concerned was the validity of the claim of the Russian basketball coach, Aleksandr Gomelski, that "there will be a surprise for everyone" in the finals. "We are fed up with second," said Gomelski. While he never flat-out predicted a victory, this was interpreted to mean that the end of American dominance in

continued



Triumphant in U.S. team hat, gloving Bob Hayes was the personality boy of the Games.



After rigorous training under demanding Coach Daizentaru (foreground), Japanese only who won the volleyball championship relax in gold medals and smiles

the sport fevers. Olympic championship since basketball became part of the Games in 1936 and 46 victories in a row, including four straight over the Russians might well be at hand and could be seen, provided you could latch on to a ticket for the final.

This was not so easy. The Japanese are not big on basketball and had built only a 4,000-seat handbox for the competition—architecturally beautiful, even breathtaking—but a handbox nevertheless. By game time, on a bleak, rainy night, black market tickets for the game were going for as much as \$125, and there were few willing to part with them at that price. Paul Drayton, the fine U.S. sprinter who was second to Carr in the 200, found himself among the deprived, so he got in on Walt Hazzard's pass, laughing at his cleverness. "The Japanese think all us Negroes look alike," he grinned.

Drayton had spent the early afternoon with Hazzard, the marvelous playmaker guard from UCLA's national championship team. "Man, they're really psyched up. I showed Walt my gold medal [won as a member of America's victorious 400-meter relay team] and he drooled

"I'm getting me one tonight," he said."

Hazzard alone was a good enough reason for optimism, but it had been anticipated beforehand and evident in the tournament that this was not the power team the Americans fielded in 1960, when they averaged 101.9 points a game and walloped the Russians 81-57, with the formidable likes of Oscar Robertson, Jerry Lucas and Jerry West. This team, possibly as strong as the 1960 team underneath, lacked outside shooting. One who could have helped, Jeff Mullins of Duke, had a game knee, and Coach Hank Iba of Oklahoma State had to maneuver. Accordingly, Iba worked the team hard, as much as 80 hours in one two-week stretch. He himself was seldom out of the Olympic Village. The team took to Iba and his methods. "You can't imagine the things I've learned under that man," said Hazzard.

"We're not about to be the first to lose to the Russians," said Larry Brown, the 5-foot-10-inch North Carolina alumnus who had played with the Goodyear Wingfoots. Brown alternated as playmaker with Hazzard.

Lou Russell of NYU, who coached the Puerto Rican basketball team in the

Olympics, compared the Soviet and American teams and was not overly optimistic about U.S. chances. "The Russians have speed and good size," he said. "And I don't think the U.S. can win if it gets behind."

The U.S. did get behind, by 4-0 at the start, but it did not stay there long. The big difference between the teams is still fitness, and the marvelous mobility good American players develop early. On the other hand, Yan Kuzminsh, the 7-foot-2-inch 260-pound Russian veteran of three Olympics, a massive hulk of a man who might be expected on close inspection to have electrodes at either side of the neck, is still suckered by the most elementary pick. Typical of the entire Russian Olympic contingent, the basketball squad was aging. It averaged 27 years, compared with America's 23 and its old, tired blood was just the kind *Pravda* had spoken of without tenderness when it editorialized, before the end of the Games, on the poor showing the Soviets had made compared with 1960 in Rome, when they had 43 gold medals to 34 for the U.S. A basketball victory would have salvaged much of the lost prestige, but it was not to be.

With the Soviets still ahead 16-15, Bill Bradley of Princeton whipped a pass to the side to Hazzard, who quicker than that had it to Lucious Jackson, all alone underneath, and Jackson had it in the basket. Shortly afterward, Brown replaced Hazzard, drove in for a crossover layup, then fed to Joe Caldwell on an other wide-open shot. Brown hit another from 20 feet, and at that point the Americans led 27-18 and it was as good as over. The Russians got louder as the game wore on, shouting frantic, detailed instructions up and down court. "I can't understand how they can speak Russian and play basketball, too," said an incredulous American fan—but neither talk nor a full-court press, which the U.S. tore apart with free-lance shooting, did any appreciable damage. The Americans won easily 73-59.

In the dressing room afterward Larry Brown stood looking at his medal for a long time. "It's worth \$12, that's all," he said. "And you couldn't buy it from me if you had a million."

END

In a scene reminiscent of his defeat in Rome, C. K. Yang walks sadly past basketball winner Wally Hoster (left) and runner-up Ben Aun



BRAVURA BATTLE FOR THE BRAVES

Atlanta is building a stadium for the Milwaukee baseball team though no one is sure where the club will open next spring. Now the courts have been asked to finish writing this modern tale of two cities

by HUSTON HORN

Once Scarlett O'Hara and David O. Selznick had paved through town, things never really got back to being the same in Atlanta. Having thus nibbled on greatness, the city has been yearning ever since for one more bite. Atlanta does not blush to brag on such civic status symbols as the annual visit by the Metropolitan Opera and the year-round residence of Ralph McGill and Bobby Dodd. And Atlanta takes quiet satisfaction in the fact that its jet airport is the busiest in the whole U.S. between 11 in the morning and—imagine—2 in the afternoon, that four million of its citizens went howling last year, that 383 of *Fortune's* 500 top businesses have branch offices in the vicinity and, quietest satisfaction of all, that its Triple-A baseball team, the Atlanta Crackers, finished this season only 32½ games out of first place. But for reasons having to do with this last fact, Atlanta has long wished for that undefinable something that belongs to a city in baseball's major leagues—the prestige, the millions of tourist dollars, the condition that allows a team to finish 32½ games off the pace and still, like the Mets, be famous.

Last week even this shortcoming in the Deep South's most envied city seemed likely to be remedied. After almost 18 months of whispers, secret meetings, clandestine handshakes, unequivocal denials (and maybe a bent truth every now and then), it was solemnly announced that the Milwaukee Braves were fast on their way to becoming the Atlanta Braves. Waiting in Georgia was a new stadium, scads of people starved for big-time ball and, it was said, \$1 million worth of Coca-Cola and Gulf Oil advertising on a seven-state TV network. Waiting in Wisconsin was a hunch or two—or maybe more.

In fact, everybody in Milwaukee is so exercised that the Braves may have to leave town—if at all—over some Wisconsin's dead body. No sooner had the team's directors voted last Wednesday to shift to Atlanta in 1965 than Alabama-born Henry Aaron said he

might not care to return to the land of cotton, and legal machinery began to grind out injunctions at the Milwaukee county courthouse. The squeal of the wheels was highly reminiscent of the noise in Boston 12 years ago when the Braves pulled out for Milwaukee ("A body blow to Boston," said then Governor Christian Herter).

Atlantans were hoping that the fuss up North was inspired solely by vote-seeking politicians and that as soon as the Braves paid off on their one-year-to-go contract with Milwaukee County Stadium things would quiet down. But there are other factors. Milwaukee simply does not want to give up the estimated \$3.5 million major league fans pump into the economy each season. Nor does the city relish the colossal loss of face it would suffer. Milwaukee, scornfully called Bushville when the Braves arrived in 1952, would be right back where it started. So, by the time representatives of the National League had collected in Room 107 of New York's Commodore Hotel last Thursday to vote on the proposed transfer, judges back in Milwaukee had okayed enough restraining orders to ruin the meeting's agenda.

From a psychological standpoint, the most damaging blow was not the temporary injunction against the move itself. Rather it was the injunction forbidding the Braves' owners to even ask the league for permission. Left with nothing to do, the league members had to sit still while Eugene Grohschmidt, chairman of the Milwaukee County Board of Supervisors, made a 19-page, 33-minute oration in which he characterized recent baseball history as a "floating crap game" and frightened the owners with references to "breach of contract," "U.S. Supreme Court" and "antitrust litigation." Then, enjoined by the court from doing anything official, the league members winked, nodded and otherwise signaled to one another until it was understood they stood 10 to 0 in favor of the move, but not for public

tion. Such make-believe, however, was not what everybody had shown up for, and there was gloominess all around when the meeting broke up.

The Braves have asked that the proceedings on the first injunction be removed to federal court, but the way some people were talking, the club owners could not win in any event. Said Milwaukee County Attorney George E. Rice to an Atlanta sports editor, "The very minute they vote to approve this transfer, we'll slap an injunction on everybody. We'll chase all these fellows down . . . and we'll slap them all in jail, players and all." Wagging a finger in the Georgian's face, Rice wound up: "You're not going to have high-league baseball in Atlanta next year—at least not with our Milwaukee Braves." He left unsaid the fact that many Milwaukeeans not only want to keep their Braves but want them under new, and local, ownership.

What was coming to such an acrimonious head began with considerably more civility. In one way or another, Atlanta has been moving slowly toward



the construction of a major league stadium since 1960, when, for that purpose, the Georgia legislature created a stadium authority. Nothing was done with the authority until Ivan Allen became mayor of Atlanta and, in the spring of 1963, took Charles O. Finley on a tour of the city. Finley, then as now, was looking for a new home for his Kansas City Athletics and, the way the Atlantans tell it, he promised Allen and Arthur Montgomery, chairman of the authority, that if they provided a stadium, he would provide a team. Trouble is, as Atlanta soon found out through American League friends of a friend, what Finley promises the league does not always, if ever, grant.

But that was only a temporary setback. Shortly thereafter Montgomery, who is also president of Atlanta's Coca-Cola Bottling Company, heard from a friend, Delbert Coleman, a director of the Milwaukee Braves. Coleman said the Braves, too, were looking for a new territory. Since the owners had bought the team only a few months before, Montgomery admits he was "amazed." "I had no idea they were interested in a move," he said. But, sure enough, pressed by low and falling attendance, and high and rising interest rates, they were—as Allen and Montgomery and Banker Mills Lane Jr. learned in July when they paid Brave officials a call at the 1963 All-Star Game in Cleveland,

And hardly did the Atlantans get home when things began to happen. Fanning out in one direction were people with clipboards asking south Georgia red-necks if they would drive up the interstate superhighways to attend games in Atlanta, and if they would mind setting next to Negroes in the city's unsegregated stadium. The answers, by and large, were "Yes" and "Not much." Other note-takers traveled across the country jotting down the specifications of all the other major league stadiums—the sun's course across Candlestick Park, the color of the concession stands in Washington, D.C., the compass direction Mets' pitchers face when serving up home-run balls to Ken Boyer (N39°E). When these researchers reported back, Atlanta architects sifted out the best, came up with plans for an \$18 million (plus \$11 million in interest) stadium that will seat 50,000 for baseball, 57,500 for football and, provided things go well, may someday be lit with a roof and air-conditioning. That the Braves would occupy this stadium was sealed by a handshake in Chicago in March of this year. Work began almost immediately.

No one expected the owners of the Braves to call a press conference last spring to announce that it would be the Braves' last stand in town, but no one dreamed they would register at a hotel under false names when a 25-year pact with Atlanta was agreed upon. Nor does

anyone believe it was necessary for them to have carried on the pretense for almost a year and a half. After the initial meeting at the All-Star Game in 1963, the expectable news leak popped up in a St. Louis paper. The story said that unless attendance in Milwaukee improved (it skidded from 214 million in 1957 to 770,000 in 1963) the Braves would move to Atlanta. Said Brave General Manager John McHale about the story: "Absolutely nothing to it." That sounds fairly precise, but Chairman William Bartholomay spelled it out: "We didn't buy the franchise to move it to Atlanta. How do those rumors get started?"

Applying hindsight and the most charitable interpretation, one can believe that McHale must have meant the Braves were going to move *regardless* of whether attendance picked up (it did, as it turned out). Bartholomay must have meant that when he had brought the team six months before he did not yet *know* about Atlanta and her stadium. Subsequently, neither McHale nor Bartholomay nor any other Braves' official did much to clear the air. Despite the fact that Wisconsin's governor, senators and Congressman Henry Reuss were making long-winded noises, and Phil Wrigley, a long-time neighbor of Bartholomay's and owner of the Chicago Cubs, told reporters that the Braves had mentioned the move in a National League meeting in September of 1963, the pose was cur-

continued on page 96



Two prime movers in the case are Ivan Allen (far left), the mayor of Atlanta, and William Bartholomay, chairman of the board of the Milwaukee Braves. Among the more vocal opponents of the move to Georgia is Milwaukee Congressman Henry D. Reuss (right), who has written strong letters to Ford Frick, Warren Giles and National League club owners warning that antitrust laws might be violated if the shift were to take place. Reuss favors expanding the league as a solution.



THE PREFIGHT MOODS OF SONNY LISTON

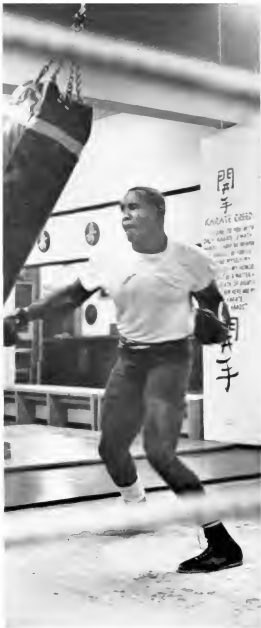
Before he left for his bout with Clay, Sonny's training in Denver took him to some strange places

by MARK KRAM

One mile up on a mountain 13 miles west of Denver is the Shrine of Mother Cabrini. Half a mile above and beyond the shrine, looking down from the summit of the mountain, is a statue of the Sacred Heart. More than three hundred and fifty steps, flanked by big patches of flowers and the Stations of the Cross, lead past the shrine and up to the statue. Nearly everyone who has ever climbed to the summit speaks first of its beauty and then of the humility and aloneness that he feels there.

One day last week, as it has twice a week for the last three months, a car pulled up to the base of the mountain at 6 a.m. Three men stepped out: one bulky with mournful eyes hidden by a faded red baseball cap, one pale and wiry, and the third a man of massive features, his face immobile and framed

continued





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WHILE DOING ROADWORK SONNY RAN UP STEPS TO STATUE OF THE SACRED HEART

LISTON continued

by a tightly drawn hood. The three paused, looked up and then began to walk. Soon the hooded man ran. He ran nearly a mile along a sharply twisting path, stopped and then walked a short distance before running past the shrine and up the spiraling steps to the statue. He ran all the way and when he reached the statue, alone, he jogged in place, then paced about, his immense torso weaving, his hands in synchronized motion. Then he jogged back down the steps.

No one knew why Sonny Liston, once depicted as Santa Claus but more often seen as a sullen misanthrope, insisted on making those weekly visitations to the top of the mountain. No one, not even Willie Reddish, his trainer, or Stanley Zimmering, his physical fitness man, or a local priest who is his own private Father Flanagan, knew what Liston thought about while bathing in this serenity or, for that matter, what he has thought about during the long, lonely months of preparation for his return title fight with Cassius Clay in Boston. By now it is a universal question whether Sonny Liston thinks at all.

Indeed, there was an aura of thought suspended or even revoked in the Liston camp at the Amsd Karate & Judo Club in south Denver where the champion trained for three months before going to Boston last week. The long room, of soft décor and ornamented with pictures of bullfighting, was always somber; after one made a number of visits, Liston and his small band of flacks seemed to take the form of monks filing into a dining hall as each workout began. There were no newspapermen jabbing Liston with

questions. "As far as the Denver papers are concerned," said one local reporter, "he doesn't even exist." Despite rumors (none confirmed) that Liston was drinking or roaring about at night in his black Cadillac, Denver seemed bored with Sonny. Only a few spectators were present for the workouts, usually old men with big bellies gazing awestruck at the gleaming ingot of muscle grunting before them, or little girls staring blankly at Liston's feet skipping rope to the babbling lyrics of *Night Train*.

Archie Pirolli, Reddish, Zimmering and Teddy King make up the inner circle of Liston's camp. Pirolli's title is training-camp manager. A boxing camp without a Pirolli is like a hunting lodge without a moose head. He belongs. Pirolli is fond of cigars, pointless monologue and wordy exaggeration. He employs both of the latter in resurrecting the dead, dead days of boxing. In Denver he enjoyed keeping people away from Sonny Liston. "No, no, you can't see 'im today," Archie liked to say, regally waving his cigar. "He's hungry. Ya ever been hungry?" Another day he might deny an audience simply because "Archie said so." Pacing up and down like the "brains" awaiting the outcome of a bank robbery in some old movie, Archie kept muttering: "I know his moods. I know his moods." Reddish, a purveyor of a man who looks sad even when he smiles, is not as articulate as Pirolli. King, Liston's valet, is positively mute. Zimmering, Sonny's close friend and confidant, is a soft-spoken young man, a combination of social worker and physical culturist. Unpaid, Zimmering is

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genuinely devoted to Liston as a human being (this at least makes him original). "A victim of his environment," Stanley likes to say before presenting a verbal graph of Sonny's life. At the Denver camp, also, were a stray named Crawford (Liston picked him up one time and decided to stake him to three squares a day) and a few sparring partners named Fonda Cox (he also was in charge of turning on the record player), Amos (Big Train) Lincoln and Leroy Green.

Liston showed up each afternoon at 1:15. By 1:35 everybody was in his proper place: Reddish in a corner, wearing his red cap like a baseball catcher; King hanging on the ropes, rubbing a stopwatch; Phyllis pacing up and down near the front door. Soon Liston entered and peered out over the room like a great sphinx. Satisfied with the view, he began his exercises. Then he worked two rounds with Cox, a shifty fellow with a nose like a lump of putty. Liston just chased him, using only a left jab. Cox never threw a punch; he was just there to sharpen Sonny's left. After two rounds Cox's nose always looked a trifle larger. "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer, that's what you look like," Liston said once after finishing with him. Cox did not laugh. Liston then worked with Lincoln for two or three rounds. Lincoln is a tall, angular young man with a goatee, who secretly believes he will be the next heavyweight champion of the world. He was still optimistic, even after Liston came close to mashing his rib cage with a left. "I wouldn't wanna be Clay," Amos mumbled later.

After Lincoln, Liston worked on Green, a cross between Chubby Checker and Archie Moore; he looks like Moore and moves about as if he is forever hearing the lewd sound of a saxophone. Green likes to boast about his ring savvy, and his moves bear him out. "Sonny hasn't hit me yet," he said. "But that don't mean nothin', I'm kinda special. Ain't nobody hits me. But Sonny'll kill Clay after workin' with me." A couple of other sparring partners were not as fortunate as Green; Liston sent two of them home in one week. Both were disturbed about the treatment they received. "Ain't no playin' this time," Sonny grunted.

Liston has a difficult time getting sparring partners. A manager, if he cares just a little about his boy, is not going to feed him to Liston, and this, so Liston says,

continued



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LISTON continued

was mainly responsible for his loss to Clay. His fodder for the last fight was too light and fragile, he just could not hit one of them. "That's what happened against Clay," he says. "That's what happened to my shoulder. I had to use muscles I never used in training."

Through with his "shock absorbers" (as Pirolli calls them), Liston worked three rounds on the heavy bag and three rounds on the light one. He skipped rope for three rounds, took about a dozen whacks in the stomach from a medicine ball thrown by Reddish (who was usually puffing at the end) and finished his workout with two rounds of sit-ups. Then he rolled on the floor briefly, and stood on his head. Finally King helped him on with his white robe, wrapped his head in a towel, and Liston trudged off to the sanctity of his back room. The choreography never changed. In three months Liston was trimmed down from 235 to 214. "We gonna take 'im in at 210 or 212," said Reddish.

"What's with Liston now?" I asked Zimmering, the architect of Sonny's magnificent physical condition.

"He's there," said Zimmering. "Yeah, he's right there," added Pirolli. "Where?"

"Right there," Zimmering said, holding his hand out and rubbing his fingertips with his thumb.

"Where's that?"

"You can feel him there," Zimmering said. "He wants to go. It's like putting your fingers on the fuse of a stick of dynamite. He can go 20 rounds right now. This time he's being trained for 15 rounds with Clay."

"Was he ready the last time?" "I don't know nothin' about that," Zimmering said, looking away.

"What are ya, a cop or somethin'?" asked Pirolli.

"Well, was he ready?"

"Ask Willie," said Pirolli. "Willie?"

"What you tryin' to do, put me on the spot with that question?" Willie frowned. "Forget about the last fight. Right now only counts."

"Another cop," said Pirolli, shaking his head.

"I'll tell you this," said Stanley. "Physically, he's ready for this one. Five and a half miles of roadwork every morning. No fighter likes the roadwork, but Sonny is out in front of his house every morning waiting for me. He'll be able to go

30 rounds by the time we get to Boston."

"Does he ever mention Clay?"

"No. Never mentions him."

"What does he talk about?"

"His dog, Jackie."

"For two hours?"

"Yeah, he likes the dog. Then I drop him off at the house, and I call up Loe. I always say, 'Car 54, this is Car 57. Where are you?'"

"Where is he?"

"Watching television. Cowboys. He likes cowboys."

"How's his shoulder?"

"Perfect. I've been working with him on a certain exercise for three months, and it's as good as ever."

I asked Pirolli if Liston was in the mood to talk. Pirolli paused a moment, then said, "No. Not today."

"Why not?"

"The man's vicious. He just wants to think about the fight. He don't wanna see nobody."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yeah, tomorrow, but don't come on like a cop," Archie advised.

The next day Pirolli whispered to me: "He's in the mood. He's a barrel of fun today."

Liston was sitting in a little corner of his dressing room. Big beads of sweat rolled down his face. He looked up and growled something that sounded like hello. The interview lasted approximately five minutes. Liston said that yes, he did respect Clay and he did not think Clay was a buffoon; that yes, he did take Clay "too lightly" the last time and that he did not particularly care if Clay was a "Mooslem." No, it was not true that Clay needed him to the point of distraction and thus psyched Liston out of the fight. "I didn't pay all that stuff any mind," he said. Asked if he had any plans for Clay in Boston, he said, "Yeah, a bad night."

"How, how," laughed Pirolli. "Great line, Great line."

Sonny squirmed. The interview was over.

"Great interview," said Pirolli, walking out. "Just a barrel of fun today."

The next day Pirolli, morose and nervous, walked up and down the room.

"How does he feel today?" I asked.

"No, even before you ask, you can't see him, not today or tomorrow," Pirolli said. "Not never," he added, as if remembering something.

"Why?"

continued

Martin's spent
8 years getting ready
for tonight.

Have you had any lately?





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LISTON

"The man don't wanna see nobody. He calls up last night outta the clear blue and says: 'Archie, you want me to win the fight?' I say, sure, yeah. Sonny, yeah, I wanna to win the fight. Well, then Sonny says: 'Keep that writer and everybody away from me. I only wanna think about the fight.' The man has spoken. Watcha want me to do? You wanna see 'im? Go get a gun. Go get a warrant from the D.A. I'll tell ya, the man is vicious. All he wants to do is fight and think about fighting."

Later in the day Liston finished his workout, walked over to me and exploded into a tantrum. Words piled upon words in a kind of wild poetry.

"You been around city hall. I was told you been around city hall."

"Where is city hall and why would I be around there?" I said.

"I know you been around city hall. You been checkin' up on my record. Do you believe in Jesus Christ? Ya ever hear people talk about him? If they gonna talk 'bout him, they gonna talk 'bout me. Why poor old Joe Louis, a wonderful guy like him, they even talked about him. You know they gonna talk about me. Oh, man, someday I gonna write a book, and I gonna talk about some people."

Suddenly he stopped, turned and pranced away, throwing a flurry of punches as his image came to meet him in the wall mirror across the room.

Liston is still Liston, socially primitive and sadly suspicious and forever the mom-child. But there was something crawling through his mind in Denver, something that smoldered beneath that thick layer of hitiness. It permeated his camp, and you could feel it and it made you wonder what kind of man will be facing Clay this second time.

"A hurt man," said the priest. "He is a humiliated man. He drops by here now and then. Just to talk. Not about Clay. Not about fighting. He seems lonely, and he just wants to talk. You can sense a difference in him, and you can sense the way he feels about this fight. Now and then he goes over and talks to my housekeeper's little girl. She always says, 'Uncle Charles, you is a big him.' Sonny just laughs."

Maybe, by some effect that staggers the imagination, Sonny Liston discovered that for himself some time ago. Humbly, up on a mountain 13 miles west of Denver.

END

If you think tick tick tick
is all that counts
get yourself a
\$10.95 drug store timepiece.

But if you want a watch,
get a Hamilton.

There's really nothing in between.

Now don't misunderstand us.
The fine old Hamilton Watch Company
thinks that the

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tick)

of a drug store timepiece is one of the marvels
of our day. Pure functionalism.
Honest. Unsentimental. Like those
handy paperbacks. \$10.95 is all you need to spend
if all you want is the time.

That's our point
You can get time,
pure and simple time

(tick
tick
tick)

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But a Hamilton is a watch.
Go one way or the other.
There is nothing in between.
Hamilton. The great watch.
Hamilton. The great feeling.
You can't be nonchalant
about a Hamilton like
this American Classic.
You just can't be.

Practically every tool that touched this watch
was made by Hamilton.

Practically every tool that
made every tool that
touched this watch was
made by Hamilton.

Hamilton refined
the oil.

Hamilton alloyed the
metal for the hair
spring. And rolled and
shaped that metal until
it was the world's
finest hair spring.

Hamilton checked and checked
and checked this watch two thousand
three hundred and fourteen times.

That's a watch.

A possession. A point of view.

And that's a very different set of rules than just

(tick
tick
tick)

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GREEN BAY MAY BE LITTLE, BUT FOOTBALL IS A GIANT

preoccupation in the crinkle of the Wisconsin shoreline where the Packers make their home. It has been that way ever since 1919, when the hat was passed to pay the players (\$16.75 for the season) and a meatcutter bought a little immortality for just \$500 by supplying the team with stockings and jerseys. The Packers are the last of pro football's old home-town teams—and the only club in the National Football League that has not gotten high and mighty and moved off to the bright lights of the big city. The reason, of course, is that the Green Bay home folks own the Packers, and are so devoted to the team they once raised their own taxes to build a stadium to contain it. Moreover, despite Lake Michigan's numbing cold, they are delighted to fill it anytime. In a place overrun with "Packer backers" it was a snap for Artist Robert Weaver to find kids scrimmaging in puddles (right) and further evidence (on the following pages) that in Green Bay football is what counts.





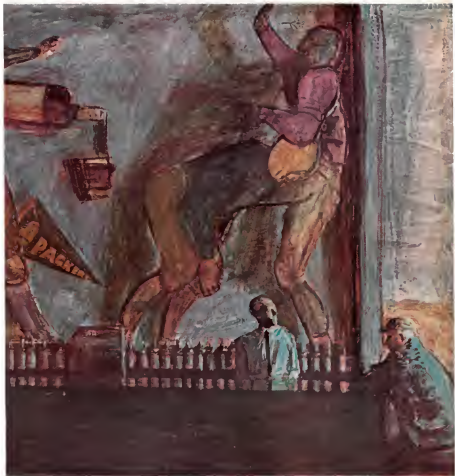


Oh, they talk a little politics in the barbershops downtown, but mostly they talk of the Packers' good chances to win the NFL title this year. A photograph of 1929 NFL champions (below) hangs in home of the late George Calhoun, a team founder.



One of the pleasures of living in a small city like Green Bay (the population is only about 65,000) is that you get to see the Packers at such close range—strolling on the sidewalk, for example. In fact, you can go right up to them and pass the time of day,

later, when you are chinning down at the Blue Room bar or someplace, it is a mighty fine thing to be able to gaze up at those huge cardboard cutouts and say: "That reminds me. I was talking to Bart Starr just the other day and he was telling me that . . ."





The weather of northeastern Wisconsin is not the greatest you ever heard of, but the natives are used to it. So what if it's raining—and that's turning to snow? The Packers are working out (left) and one might as well go over and watch the show.

There are precious few stores in downtown Green Bay that are not avowed Packer backers—who would trade with them, after all? Later on, the trimmings in this window probably will change. The mink coat will give way to, say, a beaver jacket.



YOUNG CALIFORNIAN



Craig Breedlove and his 44-powered "Spirit of America" at Bonneville Salt Flats.

Shell turbine fuel powers Craig Breedlove's

Craig Breedlove is among the fastest men on wheels. Average, he drove the "Spirit of America" to a new world land speed record of 407 mph.

Now the United States Auto Club certifies that he's set a new record of 526.28 mph. The record is an average of two runs, one of them at an almost unbelievable 549.89 mph.



Breedlove's speed is an official world record, is subject to confirmation by the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile (FIA). Since this is not a world record, the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile (FIA) is not involved.

Breedlove did much of the design and car-building himself. "When I was building the Spirit," he says, "I wanted the best. I went to two companies I knew I could count on for the best—from personal experience. I asked Goodyear for tires. And Shell for fuel and lubricants."

Shell helps Breedlove with two tough problems

1. The big problem was "drag"—or air friction. As Breedlove's car ap-

proached 500 mph, air whipped over it with about six times the speed of a hurricane! Result: tons of resistance. Needed: lots of power. Shell's answer: Shell HX100 100. June 1961. It packs as much *energy* over 20 for its weight as any other fuel. And it's available.

2. Heat from Breedlove's disc brakes could easily melt vital wheel-bearing grease. Even at relatively low speeds under 150 mph, the brake discs can become red hot. Result: wheel bear-

DRIVES 526.28 MPH



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car to new world land speed record!

ings could be broken only by the conventional grease, which still dribble out. SHELL'S ANSWER: Shell's Duralith® Grease. It can't melt because it has no melting point at all. Even a blue torch can't melt it. Now, Duralith is available at most Shell stations for use in Shell lubrication.

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calls for Super Shell gasoline and Shell's top class lubricants for world championships. Ferrari's new American challenger, the Ford GT-40, runs on Super Shell gasoline and Shell oils.

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At least one full-fledged and full-bosomed *Miss America* (1964 model) will attend the University of Arkansas homecoming, but when they came to elect a queen of their own for the occasion, the Razorbacks passed up the 1964 Miss in favor of the 1965 runner-up: blonde senior Karen Carlson. It didn't have anything to do with the fact that Karen is **Kenny Hatfield's** girl and Kenny is both president of the senior class and last year's foremost national punt returner.

In political press agency, there is nothing like a picture of your man doing something strenuous to counteract the bad press of a heart attack in high office. **Dwight Eisenhower** was out on the golf course after his coronary in 1955 just as quick as **Jim Hagerly** could get him there. Senate Majority Leader **Lyndon Johnson** climbed back on that old cayuse in 1955 almost before the ink was dry on his EKG. Now, if the photograph shot in the backyard of the Prime Minister's house in New Delhi the other day is to be believed, India's badminton-playing **Lal Bahadur Shastri** (below), who was knocked out by what looked like a heart attack less than a

month after assuming the premiership, is doing just fine.

Louisiana's Governor **John McKeithen** didn't expect conflict and cannon fire to greet him when he flew into the bluegrass country to cheer LSU on to victory over Kentucky. But he didn't exactly expect dead silence, either. "Fine way to treat a visiting dignitary," huffed the governor's aide to an attendant after McKeithen's plane touched down at the airport before a waiting crowd conservatively estimated at zero. "Why, there isn't even a police escort. How is the governor going to get to the game?" "What game?" drawled the attendant. "Why, the LSU-Kentucky game, of course," said the aide somewhat shrilly. "That game's in Lexington," he was informed. "This here is Louisville."

Peggy Goldwater, on an extended trip promoting her husband's presidential campaign, couldn't resist promoting herself just a little. "Yes," she told Harrisburg reporters, "the family's favorite sport is deep-sea fishing, but I'm probably a better fisherman than Barry." This turned out to be a bit of feminine exaggeration. Mrs. Goldwater's biggest catch was a 350-pound marlin off La Paz, Mexico. That made her family champion—but only for three years—until her husband boated a 520-pound marlin off Peru. However, like Barry, Peggy is good at explaining apparent contradictions: "I might be a better fisherman than Barry, because I'll just keep sitting there waiting for the fish, but after a while Barry gets impatient and wants something to happen."

Now that the assembly lines are running full tilt again, everybody soon will be showing off his new car, and **Superspy James Bond** is no exception. But the especially-built, \$45,000 Aston Martin that Bond drives in his newest movie, *Goldfinger*, boasts a few extras not found in most

'65 models. Items: machine guns, bulletproof windows, radar, revolving license plates to confuse pursuers and an oil-spreader to slick the road and shake them off, a nail-dropping gadget, bumper guards that convert into battering rams, an ejection seat for disposal of unwanted passengers and (handiest of all) hubcaps with retractable knives that pop out at the punch of a button to slash enemy tires. According to Aston Martin Director **David Brown Jr.**, these gadgets, while not standard equipment, are readily available even to nonsecret agents at about \$15,000 over the list price. "We'd be glad to produce models with these extras for anyone who feels he needs them," says the obliging Mr. Brown.

The prettiest farmhand around, blonde, pageboy-cut **Susan Huxley**, granddaughter of famed Biologist Julian and grandniece of the late Novelist Aldous, is keeping company with some cattle these days and plainly enjoying it (below). After working on oats and lap dogs for six months for a Los Angeles veterinarian, apprentice Huxley has transferred her talents for animal husbandry to the 870-acre Ohio farm of cattle-raising industrialist **Cyrus**

Eaton. "I've always been nuts for animals," she explained, as she swept out a stall at the American Royal Livestock Show in Kansas City, Mo.

Phil Harris, University of Texas football player, and **Phil Harris**, Hollywood handleader, have been keeping in close touch via telegram for some time now. When Longhorn Harris scored twice against Navy in the Cotton Bowl, the other Harris wired, THAT'S THE WAY TO KEEP UP A GOOD NAME. When Singer Harris blew a three-foot putt in the Crosby golf tourney, his Texas namesake wired back, SHORT YARDAGE IS ALWAYS TOUGHEST. The latest exchange came when Halfback Harris scored the winning touchdown against Oklahoma. WE MAY MAKE ALL-AMERICA YET, wired Alice Faye's famous husband. The telegrams may start a fad. The Southwest Conference also boasts a **Danny Thomas** (SMU) and a **Gary Moore** (Texas).

There are some Yankees at least who do not consider fired Ansemmer **McAl Allen** too talkative. When some friends sons Joe DiMaggio's 50th-birthday dinner in San Francisco November 18, Allen will be the toastmaster.



A light man to do the heavy work

Though he is only 153 pounds,
Nebraska Fullback Frank Solich
still throws his weight around



EVEN WHEN HE DOES NOT HAVE THE BALL, SOLICH IS HIT EXTRA HARD BY OPPONENTS

It has been a long time since anything small has happened to Nebraska. The flat horizon stretches off in all directions, and it takes something very big to fill it in. Nebraskans take pride in things gigantic, and what really makes a citizen stick his thumbs in his suspenders and pop out his chest is the University of Nebraska football team. At the drop of a season a Nebraskan will point to the young men who play football at the state university and defy you to find a bigger, meaner hunch anywhere. If you insist on knowing the pragmatic application of such size, he will happily refer you to the 1962 season, when the team won nine of 11 games, and the season of 1963, which was even better. 10 won against a single loss.

It has taken some doing, then, for size-conscious Nebraskans to adjust to this year's team. As usual, the linemen are Bunyansque—240 pounds or so—and the halfbacks are mostly 190-pounders. But at fullback, the position that should be manned by the biggest and meanest player of them all, Nebraska has

a young man named Frank Solich who weighs only 153 pounds and stands only 5 feet 7 inches high. Standing among his taller, heavier teammates, Solich looks like the victim of a fraternity hazing.

When Coach Bob Devaney first announced his intention of using little Solich at fullback this season many people felt that he finally had cracked under the strain of keeping Nebraska at the top of the Big Eight. But now that Nebraska has won six games without a loss this season, incredulous fans are convinced that Frankie (it is an old Nebraska custom that when they really take someone to their hearts, he gets the extra syllable) Solich is worth his weight in first downs, and heaven help the stranger who lets out even a small snicker.

The idea of using Solich at fullback came to Devaney last spring when he noted that the big men he had were harleling into the line with the deliberate speed of overfed oxen. "That's not what I had in mind," said Devaney, who then began to look over his other backs to see if one would fit in. He passed right

over Solich, stopped, went back and... was it possible? "We know he's quick," Devaney thought then, "and in our system it is the halfbacks who carry the hunt of the blocking assignments. It will call for a few adjustments, of course, but maybe, just maybe..." Solich was tried at fullback in the spring game, and he did fine. "Next season," Devaney told him, "you're a fullback."

Such information might have fazed some players of his stature, but not Solich. His confidence in his ability to handle any job is infinite, and if the coach says fullback, fullback it is.

While Solich is incontestably small, he is about as frail as a bowling ball. For several years he has been working devotedly with weights and at present is able to bench-press 240 pounds. With a shirt on he looks like a small man. Without a shirt he looks like a blacksmith—scaled down. Until this season Cleveland was the scene of his greatest triumphs. In his last year at Holy Name High School, Solich scored 104 points as a tailback and was a factor in helping his team win the

city championship. That done, Solich began looking around for a college that would give him a scholarship. Many coaches were keenly interested in his 104 points and the fine endorsements of rival high school coaches, but after taking one look at his size, they suddenly remembered that their scholarship quotas were full and suggested that he take himself off to some nice little school where football was fun, not business.

And did all this make Frankie Solich sore? It did. "None of them were willing to give me a chance," he says. "And I knew I could do a job." Devaney, however, was willing to give him a chance and figured that such tasks as running back punts and kickoffs might suit him just fine. Then in his second varsity game last year, against Minnesota, Solich broke his ankle, and it was not until the next to the last game that he was ready again. "Frankly," says Buckfield Coach Mike Corgan, "we were worried that he would be gun-shy." Solich was not. Playing in the Orange Bowl, he ran a punt back against Auburn for 80 yards and an apparent touchdown. The fact that the referee ruled he had stepped out of bounds was only a minor disappointment. Frankie was back.

When Solich showed up for football this fall, he was determined it would not be as the smallest man on the team. Nebraska has a 160-pound defensive halfback named Larry Wachholtz, who became the man for Solich to beat. On weigh-in day, Solich took the trainer aside and had him tape eight pounds of weights inside his shorts. The trainer put him up on the scales—carefully, so Solich would not clamp—and solemnly recorded his weight as 161. Wachholtz then stepped up, full of bananas and milkshakes, and came in at 162.

Resigned to his weight status, Solich went dutifully about winning the starting job at fullback. It happened in the second game of the year, against Minnesota. "We had that sinking feeling going into it," says Corgan. "We didn't think we were ready for them, and if we lost it, we felt we'd probably lose the next game, too, against Iowa State."

As it turned out, it was Minnesota that was not ready for Nebraska, and most especially for Frankie Solich. "They handled the conventional stuff we threw at them," Devaney points out, "but with Solich in, we flanked both ends, slotted both halfbacks, and that drove them crazy." When Minnesota

brought their linebackers up close, Nebraska would slip Solich through on quick openers, a maneuver that few fullbacks in the country can carry out with speed. Solich is no sprinter, but he is fast enough and his initial move is explosive. Even with Solich's running, Nebraska was behind by nine points with just seven minutes to play. Obviously the situation called for Nebraska Quarterback Fred Duda to pass—which was what he did the first chance he had. But as Duda prepared to throw, he saw that both his end and his flanker had been knocked to the ground by the Minnesota defense. It might have been disaster except that Solich reacted by racing downfield, where Duda hit him 45 yards away for a touchdown. When Ne-

braska scored again just two minutes before the end, that was the game.

Since then Nebraska has beaten Iowa State, South Carolina, Kansas State and, last week, Colorado. The team is undefeated, leads the Big Eight Conference and is ranked fifth in the nation. As for Solich, he leads the team in rushing with an average of 5.5 yards a carry and is fourth in rushing in the conference. He has scored four touchdowns, one of them on a 41-yard run against South Carolina.

Between Nebraska and an undefeated season lie the big teams in the conference—Missouri, Oklahoma and Kansas. Nebraska eagerly awaits these games, and so does Frankie Solich. He's never been afraid of anything big.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. SYRACUSE (4-0)
2. VILLANOVA (3-0) 3. BOSTON COLLEGE (2-1)

With his merger squad chewed up by injuries after three straight losses, Army's Paul Dietzel reluctantly decided to junk the three-team system he invented. He retired his Bandits and condensed his remaining healthy players into offensive and defensive units. But before the Cadets could get organized, coach's bullish Mike Curtis and Sonny Odum ran through them. Quarterback Scotty Glacken passed over them and Mark Caldwell kicked 26- and 34-yard field goals for a 6-0 lead at half time. As it turned out, that was just enough to win for the Blue Devils. Rolfe Stichach, running and passing mostly from a shotgun, finally roused Army in the second half, but every time the Cadets threatened to score they were hit by penalties, including one that nullified a Stichach touchdown pass.

Just a year ago PITT and NAVY played for the eastern championship and NAVY won. Last week they played for nothing. Fullback Barry McKnight gave Pitt a 14-0 lead but Roger Staubach, still not in top shape, and Kip Poskewich got the Middies even in the second quarter. They wound up that way—tied 14-14. BOSTON COLLEGE had a more productive afternoon against Air Force. Linebacker John Leone blitzed Quarterback Tim Murphy and, when Murphy was not flustered on his back, the alert BC secondary picked off three of his passes. The Eagles won 13-7 on Quarterback Ed Foley's 29-yard pass to Jim Whalen in the third quarter.

PRINCETON continued to look unbeatable in the Ivy League. The plucky Tigers whopped Penn 55-0 for their fifth win.

YALE, however, needed three long field goals (46, 48 and 30 yards) by Chuck Mercein to edge Cornell 23-21. Columbia's Archie Roberts had his finest day, completing 25 of 39 passes for 320 yards and four touchdowns but still the poor Lions lost to Rutgers 38-35 when Rolf Stegmann ran 42 and five yards for scores. DARTMOUTH routed Harvard 48-0 while BROWN took Rhode Island 30-14.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (3-0)
2. GEORGIA TECH (2-0) 3. LSU (2-0-0)

It was a hard week for undefeated teams in the South. Florida and Florida State both went down, LSU was tied and Georgia Tech barely survived.

When Florida came to town, ALABAMA's Bear Bryant knew just how he was going to play the tough Gators. "Men," he told his squad, "we're going to turn straight as 'em." Sure enough, Bryant's team aimed its shots at the muscular Gator middle. Florida, however, had 'Bama fighting for its life before the afternoon was done. Twice Alabama had to come from behind. Fullback Steve Bowman scored from in close and then squirted through the Gator middle for 30 yards. Both times Alabama went for a tie, and David Ray kicked the extra points. Then, with 3:30 to play, Ray kicked a 21-yard field goal and 'Bama won 17-14.

LSU should have expected trouble from TENNESSEE. The Bengals had beaten Tennessee only once in 33 years. The Vols' Fred Martin kicked a 28-yard field goal, LSU's Doug Moreau booted one from the 21 and the game ended in a 3-3 tie. Florida State got its comeuppance from VIRGINIA TECH. Bob Schweikert threw a touchdown pass, ran

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

for two more as Tech shocked the Seminoles 20-11. Tulane turned loose its "Posse," an eager defensive group with more vigor than finesse, and almost did in GEORGIA TECH. Tech came back on Bruce Fischer's eighty-yard pass to Mike Fortner to win 7-6.

Those two former powers, MISSISSIPPI and AUBURN, were still bogged down. It took a 51-yard pass from Jim Weatherly to Dave Wells to get Ole Miss a 7-7 tie with VANDERBILT. Auburn barely squeezed by Southern Mississippi 14-7. MISSISSIPPI STATE also had trouble but beat Houston 18-13.

THE BEST

BACK OF THE WEEK: USC Quarterback Craig Fertig, who is not supposed to be much of a passer, nevertheless outthrew Cal's Craig Merton, who is. Fertig completed 21 of 28 for 371 yards and four scores as USC won 28-21.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Texas, caught up in a tight kicking duel with Rice, got a huge boost from roaring 320-pound linebacker Tommy Nobis, who caught Gwl runners coming and going and made 25 unassisted tackles.

Kentucky was less fortunate. GEORGIA defeated the slumping Wildcats 21-7.

PENN STATE finally got rolling. Halfback Bob Riggins broke away for 86 and 17 yards, ran for 172 in all, and the Lions romped over West Virginia 37-8. INDIANA, another invader of the South, wore down Miami in the last quarter to win 28-14.

In the Atlantic Coast, NORTH CAROLINA at last showed signs of muscle while beating South Carolina 24-6, and Wake Forest surprised Maryland 21-17. NORTH CAROLINA STATE outscored Virginia 24-15.

THE MIDWEST

TWO TOP THREE: 1. OHIO STATE (10-5)
2. NOTRE DAME (10-5) 3. NEBRASKA (10-5)

NOTRE DAME, which beat Stanford 28-6 (see page 20), and NEBRASKA, a 21-3 winner over Colorado, hoped to hear that OHIO STATE, the Midwest's other unbeaten power—and the nation's No. 1 team—had stumbled against Wisconsin. Far from it. The Bucks, hitting the Badgers with their usual tough defense, let Quarterback Don Unverserth have some fun with his passes, then went back to Fullback Will Sander's booming rushes up the middle. State won easily, 28-3. But Coach Woody Hayes had a gripe coming. He complained, "We got two easy touchdowns, then we let down and were sort of dull."

The other Big Ten contenders wished they were as dull. PURDUE had to scramble to hold off Iowa's Gary Snook, who completed 26 passes for 310 yards and two touchdowns. But the Hawkeyes also fumbled the ball away five times, and Purdue took the game 19-14.

continued



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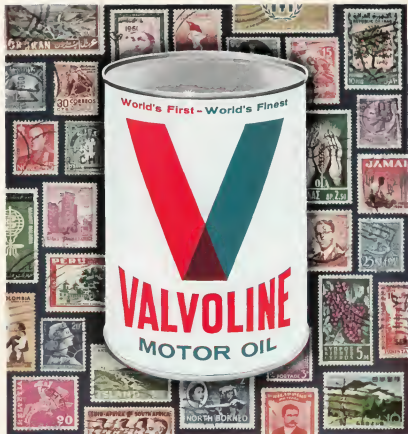
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JOHN SURTEES ADMIRES GIRLS IN NATIVE COSTUME AT THE MEXICO RACING CIRCUIT

From a wild race in Mexico: a surprise champion

A famous British racing driver tells how his countryman John Surtees, facing defeat in a climactic race, seized the world championship—and analyzes the reasons for his new eminence

In one of the most exciting finishes I have ever seen, Dan Gurney won Sunday's Grand Prix of Mexico and John Surtees became the world champion driver for 1964. This was astonishing, because Jimmy Clark, Scotland's defending champion, led for 63 laps of the 65-lap race and seemed to be unavailable. Those of us familiar with the complicated scoring system by which the championship is decided knew that a victory for Clark would also make him champion. Neither Graham Hill of Britain nor his countryman, Surtees—the only other men in the running—was in a position toward the end of the race to gain enough points to catch Jimmy.

But with 10 laps to go, Jimmy's Lotus began to leak oil. "I saw it on the track," he told me later, "and thought 'My gosh, somebody's losing oil.' " Next time around the 3.2-mile Mexico City circuit he realized it was from his own car. Gurney and Jimmy were wheel to wheel as the last lap began, but Jimmy's car was slowing down—and out. Surtees, who had regretted that he could not give Jimmy a real fight, came on to finish second and win six points, thus defeating Hill for the title by a single point, 40-39. Hill needed only to place third to be champion, but he finished far behind.

This nip-tuck finish was characteristic of the whole season, and what it has proved to me is that we are in a golden age of drivers. The decade before the Haler war was an age of heroic cars—cars like the Mercedes and Auto Union that were tremendously powerful and immensely difficult to drive. Now the cars are not as exciting, but never has the level of driving skill been so high or the sport so competitive—certainly in the 17 years that I have been close to Grand Prix racing.

John Surtees is deservedly the champion for 1964—and a man improving so rapidly that he will be extremely difficult to beat in years to come—yet I would not say that he is clearly superior to the others in the top four. To me Surtees, Hill, Clark and the Mexican race winner America's Gurney, are approximately equal. Dan, of course, had the bad luck to have an unreliable car during much of the season and, despite his brilliant performance last Sunday, was not in the championship fight.

The three still in the running right up to the Grand Prix of Mexico are totally

different types. They got to the top by totally different routes. John Surtees did not win merely because Jimmy Clark had bad luck. He won because he is the most dedicated man in racing. He has simply willed himself to be excellent. He is the kind of man who sees a thing done by others and makes up his mind that he can do it, too; he is that keen.

Graham Hill, the champion for 1962, has less natural driving ability than either of the others. He had his chance because of his intelligence, determination and a profound understanding of how to adapt his BRM to each different circuit. He is the most professional of all the drivers.

Clark is the perfect example of the born driver. His instinctive natural ability made him champion last year and a very dangerous contender again this season. But this year the fragility of his engines too often let him down.

Three years ago, when I was driving against him, Surtees was as hairy a driver as you would ever pray not to encounter. He had been a world-champion motorcycle racer and was making the transition from two wheels to four. I imagine that motorcycling must be as competitive in its own way as motor racing. But the techniques are evidently quite different. Knowing nothing, really, about motorcycle racing, I am perfectly free to say that it requires stupidity to get on a bike. I frighten myself on a motor scooter.

In those days John was in a position in Grand Prix racing where he was one of the fastest drivers but not one of the men to beat. He would qualify in the front row for a race, but he was unlikely to finish it. I would not say he was wild, because that implies stupidity. He was not stupid. He was very intelligent. But, oh, he was hairy. He would drive so close to the limit that he would often not quite get around the corner. He was trying with four wheels what he could do with two. He was becoming acquainted with four wheels in a rather tatty way, if you like. It wasn't a clean sort of thing. But he did it very fast. Man, I mean he did it very fast.

It was a chilling business for one who came up behind him on a circuit. John had a tremendous number of accidents, the most incredible accidents. Following him through a corner you could at times practically read the name on the front of his car. Suddenly you would see

one side of the car, and then the other, and then the front, and then the back, but his brilliance saved him. He had such ability that he could almost always catch the car. I have seen him have minor accidents that looked as though they were going to be tremendous. They started off in the biggest possible way, but John, because of his quickness of mind, managed to lessen them.

John and the others have all survived that time of apprenticeship when accidents due to inexperience are a real worry. They are artists. They must have ears to be able to give expression to their feelings, just as a painter needs his and a canvas.

Painters, however, need not worry about a brush breaking or the canvas disintegrating as they are working on a masterpiece. John was fortunate this year in having a car that seemed to be more reliable in each succeeding race; I think it is now the most reliable car of all. Graham's BRM was more dependable in the early part of the season, when Enzo Ferrari was making a big effort to beat Ford with his prototype sports cars at Le Mans. When Ferrari then put his mind to putting Surtees' car right he was obviously successful.

Perfect combination

The combination of Surtees and Ferrari is ideal. Ferrari is to constructors what John is to drivers. To Surtees motor racing is all-encompassing; he thinks about nothing else. Ferrari is an individualist. He can be a cussed man, a difficult man. But his heart is in the beautiful machines he has made. If yours as a driver is not, he is not very giving, to put it mildly. He has little time for amateurs. He respects Surtees because John is a professional, and John truly cherishes his cars.

Now, when Enzo Ferrari's cars are right they are unbreakable. I have driven Ferraris on 13 different occasions. Except for a fan blade coming off one, and my being disqualified from a race for taking on fuel at the wrong time—which had nothing to do with the car—I had absolutely no problems with them. Every race I finished I won. I was known as a car-breaker, which is neither here nor there, but not as a breaker of Ferraris.

All Grand Prix cars have to be less reliable than production cars because they are tuned to the ultimate. None are perfect. But no one seeks that unattainable

perfection more devotedly than Ferrari.

In the Austrian Grand Prix, held on an unusually rough circuit, some little part in Surtees' suspension gave way and put him out of the race. Ferrari immediately did a big engineering exercise on that infinitesimal part. It was discovered to be one of the few Ferrari parts made outside the factory. The whole lot was scrapped. Ferrari then said, "This will now be made within the factory." This in spite of the fact that only one part in 50—the one that failed John—was found defective.

The pressure on the builders to achieve reliability is exceeded only by the pressure on the leading drivers to win. This season it was fantastic. Each of my top four was No. 1 on his team and expected to fight for victory in every race. The pressure was not confined to the great Grand Prix championship races. If any of these drivers went to a sports car meeting and was asked to do a lap, just to let the people look at him, he was expected to break the lap record or go the fastest for that particular car, even if he had never sat in it before. When you are on top, people don't expect you to drive a car, they expect it to fly.

In my own day with Mercedes, in 1955, when I was No. 2 to Juan Manuel Fangio, there was no pressure at all. All I had to do was sit there, and if the car held together and I wasn't stupid I would be second.

Today the pressure is continuous. These men cannot afford an off day. Mike Hawthorn was world champion in 1958, but he was not, to me, as worthy as any of these men, because Mike had on and off days. When he was on he was very much on, and vice versa. John and the others are almost never off.

This has more meaning when you understand the fractions of seconds these drivers deal in on any given lap. Say you are flat out at 160 mph—which means that you are covering 235 feet each second. If you are one-tenth of a second wrong setting up the next corner, you are going to arrive 24 feet too early or 24 feet too late.

Look at it another way. Imagine a corner that can be taken at, say, 130 mph. Now, from one straight to the next that corner may measure 300 feet. But the corner will be entered at least 300 feet before the road actually starts to curve, and you will not be fully out of it for another 100 feet into the follow-

continued

OF ELECTIONS
ETS HERE



Secret thoughts on a dry day

"...bet I just cast the deciding vote... really should reward myself...I'll have a White Horse Scotch* as soon as the polls close."

**People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A sobering thought.*



ing straight. The corner is thus really 700 feet long. Once you present the car, 300 feet away, you are committed. You have plotted in your mind the path your car will take—the perfect line, the fastest parabola. If, as you present the car, you are only six inches off the line, you will find that your lap time will suffer by perhaps one-fifth of a second. On one corner—just like that. And these men do not sweat just for those precious fifths, they shave hundredths here and there. They are so close that a gain of 10 yards in a lap is a triumph.

Among many other things, a champion like Surtees must have split concentration. You concentrate first and always on what boils down to self-preservation; you are on the limit, where the slightest wobble can be disastrous, and you have got to preserve your life. I think Freud was wrong in putting sex first among human instincts. I would put it second, after self-preservation.

Without losing that concentration, the really good driver can, for example, flush a look at his instruments. He doesn't really look at them. He photographs them. It may be a split second later before he thinks, "My God, one of those gauges is not quite right." He takes another photograph and realizes that his oil pressure is dropping.

Equally, he might be going along really dicing with another driver, thinking about that, yet splitting his concentration so that he brakes at precisely the right point for an approaching corner.

The question of courage obviously comes in, and I think it is enough to say that these men are as brave as they need to be. It is a romantic misconception that they are the most courageous people. Bravery is so close to stupidity that you might with some accuracy turn that around and say they are the most stupid.

John especially, Graham and Jimmy as well, have been through accidents that could have been fatal. So far as I can see, they have not been affected by them. Their driving hasn't suffered. John, in fact, has come on so well that in years to come he might be the man to beat. I would like very much to tell you a John Surtees anecdote, but there are no John Surtees anecdotes that I know of. Except perhaps that he has an O.B.E. from the Queen and never mentions it. Abstemious, serious, dedicated, John is just a great racing driver. That is enough.

END

Comet roars from bottom to top of world to show it's still World's Durability Champion



Leaving Cape Horn Sept. 12, Comets slogged through quagmire all day long in South America. Further on, they journeyed over 18-inch-deep ruts carved by trailer trucks — an excellent test of 1965 suspension systems.



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third round of spades with his queen, he could not lead a club without giving Hermine all the tricks in that suit.

Like most topnotch players, Hermine brings in her good scores by honest excellence. This makes her occasional artful plays all the more devastating. For example, here is a hand from another tournament with Hermine collecting a handful of match points by creating an illusion.

North-South vulnerable Last deals		SOUTH	
		♠	Q 10 9 2
		♥	K J 5
		♦	A 8 7
		♣	K Q J
		WEST	
		♠	A K 8 7 1
		♥	Q 6 4
		♦	Q J 6
		♣	A 3
		SOUTH	
		♠	J 5
		♥	A 10 8 7 J 2
		♦	K 2
		♣	10 9 3
		WEST	
		♠	3
		♥	1
		♦	1
		♣	1

Optimal lead: Last of spades

After winning the first trick, West shifted to the queen of diamonds. Obviously, with two sure losers in spades and one in clubs, making the contract was going to depend on not losing a trump trick. West could have plenty of values for the opening bid without the queen of hearts, so most declarers followed the comfortable rule regarding finesse for a queen "eight ever, nine never."

This is a reasonable guide when there is no other clue pointing to the contrary, but Hermine, with the South hand, says a chance to tip the odds in her favor. Instead of hanging the top trumps, she won the trick with the diamond king and promptly returned the jack of spades. West won and knocked out dummy's ace of diamonds. Now, having given every indication that she was scrambling to get rid of a loser, Hermine led a good spade from dummy. East was happy to find a possible use for his worthless trump. He ruffed the spade, and, of course, declarer overruffed. Now Hermine played the ace of hearts, and when East could not follow suit West's queen of hearts was exposed to a marked finesse.

Hermine made four hearts where all those who played to drop the queen dropped the contract instead.

END



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DROP
BY DROP

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BRAVES

by Rick Marshall and Tom McHale

ried on. Said McHale at one point, "The Braves will be in Milwaukee today, tomorrow, next year and as long as we are welcome." A few days after the hotel meeting took place he said: "We are positively not moving. We're playing in Milwaukee—whether you're talking about 1964, '65 or 1975." A Milwaukee third-grader informed Bartholomew by letter the other day that "You are a liar." That is strong language. Still, for a man who reportedly shares 40% of the club's stock with another Chicagoan named John Reynolds, Chairman Bartholomew does not seem always to be up on future planning. One wonders if he knows that his colleagues were ready to move to Atlanta this past season—but couldn't because the minor league park was not large enough. Or that William McKeechnie, the owner of the Atlanta Crackers, has already come to terms (\$200,000) for indemnity of his franchise in the International League.

The Braves' fans, unaware that they were in crises, did not exactly turn out in countless thousands this season to see their middling team, but they did buy 140,000 more tickets than the year before. And the 910,000 that did show up were more than attended the games of 10 other major league teams, none of which are moving anywhere.

Atlanta can hardly be criticized, however, for going out and trying to lasso a major league baseball team, and Allen, floored by all the brouhaha his city has stirred up, hopes for the best as Milwaukee heads into court, heels dug in. A judgment in Atlanta's favor is essential, for already this year the Atlanta stadium authority has taken a nasty fall. The authority thought it had a major league football team—the NFL Cardinals—in its pocket, until St. Louis began to take those rumors seriously. The contract with the Cardinals' owners was considerably sweetened by St. Louis and they provisionally agreed to stay put.

Ivan Allen admits he will be in a pretty political pickle if the Braves' deal now falls through, and his opponents have prophesied that the stadium will wind up as the greatest Little League playground in the country. But Allen still had his composure last week. "I'm not worried about the stadium vote yet," he cracked. "We've waited 100 years to get to the big time: I guess we can hold out a few more weeks."

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*A Sports Illustrated writer, hoping fitness
can be bought with money, goes
through the gilded and glorious portal
at right that gives its name
to an esteemed California beauty resort.
Inside for a week, she learns how
those who have a few pounds and several
hundred dollars to spare
get themselves toned up and slimmer down*

BY BARBARA LA FONTAINE



GIRL BEHIND A GOLDEN DOOR

The newest and yet the oldest and forever one of the most expensive roads to fitness is the beauty resort, an establishment devoted to the principle that ladies are supposed to be pampered into being lovely. One envisions the Queen of Sheba and Cleopatra going to them to be coaxed into their exquisite shapes, and though these institutions may have fallen out of vogue for an occasional Victorian century, they are back again and becoming increasingly fashionable.

The idea of such places has a great fascination for people. It seems to connote almost the last degree of luxuriousness. They are expensive, to be sure, \$500 to \$800 a week, but so are a lot of other things that do not have at all the same aura about them. Tell people you are going to fly to Madrid for the weekend and they will be polite, but tell them you are going to Elizabeth Arden's Maine Chateau or to The Golden Door and they are fascinated. Perhaps it is because a beauty resort seems to offer for money what one thinks cannot be bought—health and fitness and improved looks. There is something wicked about it, buying with money what should be got by virtue—by years of eating carrots instead of pâté and drinking buttermilk instead of bourbon, and by doing deep knee bends.

Whatever the explanation, I was lucky enough this summer to be in sufficiently had shape to be dispatched to investigate The Golden Door, which once was an uneventful Escondido, Calif. motel and is now one of the country's most famous beauty resorts. The 5 feet 2 and 116 pounds of me was overweight, underexercised, peculiarly nonashamed and tense in the New York fashion—in a word, perfect—and I was sent off for a week at The Golden Door to see what they could do with me. A report follows—in fact, thinking back to the mechanical reducing machinery, I might say that a blow-by-blow report follows—on how to get fit by using money.

Monday They laughed when I said I didn't want my breakfast in bed because of crumbs, and this morning I saw what they meant. Relatively few crumbs are involved in coffee with skim milk and half a grapefruit. Maids serve your breakfast in your rooms, in bed or out, or if you prefer will carry it to the side of the pool, which is accom-

modating and pleasant, but it's still coffee and skim milk and half a grapefruit.

It has been quite a day. I should have known that a place supposed to produce a new me couldn't do it alone. Alone, that is to say, with just a staff of 50. I am going to have to help. "A masseuse does not a thin me make, nor creams a brand-new skin," I hum to myself—a little something I composed during spot reducing. Spot reducing is a period of special exercises for the bits of you that are most particularly, hideously fat.

Life at what the brochures call "this small, elegant, exquisite beauty spa" in some respects resembles nothing so much as life as I recall having observed it in Greenwood Lake, N.Y., in 1957, when Sugar Ray was in training for the Basilio fight. There are even medicine halls in the corner of the exercise Janai, and you should hear Ruth Roman, the actress, shouting, "Go, Mai Tai, go!" to a friend who has collapsed during push-ups and is lying on her stomach on a mat. Very Spartan. Ruth Roman has been here for over a month and it's all very well for her to go around taking deep breaths and saying aloud, "I'm much younger today." Mai Tai Sing and I are too new to be younger, we just hurt all over.

Anne-Marie Benstrom, known as Dr. B., is the executive director of The Golden Door and the architect of our anguish. She is a 35-year-old blonde Swede of immense and communicable vitality who eats mostly fresh fruit and can wear tiny jersey shorts. She commands instant hero, or heroine, worship, which she exploits by bullying us all into following her through a series of fierce—in fact, maybe impossible—exercises, while she sings something like *Wayou Train* in a husky, carrying voice and we pant. When Dr. B. is too busy to do this to us herself there are assistants, Helene and Lisa, blonde young things of alarming vigor and unlimited flexibility.

The extent of my ambition on this first day has been a determination not to die right in front of everybody, and I have succeeded, if only just barely. Dr. B. patted me on the shoulder and said that I would feel better on Wednesday, and apart from an irritating tendency to hit myself in the ankles with my Indian clubs I think I am going to be all right. For one thing, I'm pleased to find that 400 calories a day apparently do sustain life, unless I am still . . .

—Anthony

being nourished by the last lunch I had before I got here, which could be, as it consisted principally of mayonnaise and gin.

Thirst is worse than hunger. The rationing of liquid is more exasperating than the cutting off of food. We are allowed four small glasses of liquid a day plus coffee at breakfast and herb tea before bed, and we are on our honor not to go sneaking drinks of water in our rooms. Famed as I was at dinner I couldn't force all of my lamb chop down my sandy throat. It is permitted to chew on an ice cube or on a slice of lemon, and during the heat of the day many of the ladies can be caught surreptitiously allowing their ice cubes to melt and squeezing a slice of lemon into the water, achieving one swallow of bitter lemonade. I consider this to be cheating and do not intend to stoop to it, but it is instructive to ponder the relative nature

ionizer on and my light off and go to sleep. (A negative ionizer, they told us at dinner—and I do not have the slightest intention of disputing what The Golden Door would teach me—emits negative ions, and negative ions are supposed to make us feel good. Ours not to reason why.)

Tuesday They do do lots of nice things to us here, in between making us leap about with metal dumbbells and touch our toes with our elbows. We have massages every day and facials with creams that the beauticians tell us are made only with avocado and turtle oils, and manicures and pedicures. They rub our hands and feet with goo and then put mitts and boots on that warm up like heating pads, and my feet came out so soft that it hurts to walk around the swimming pool—which I guess is progress. However,

I am not yet with the Herbal Wrap.

Dr. B. says, a little opaquely, of the herb wrap, "What is good for the gander is good for the geese, and what is good for the dead is good for the half alive." The dead in this appealing figure of speech are the mummified Egyptians, and the half alive, of course, are us. The best thing for the dead has often struck me as being burial, which I had not thought of as a treatment for the half alive, but never mind.

The herb wrap involves being enveloped, like the mummies, in a lot of spices and linen—hot, wet linen cloths, steaming and covered with herbs. Rubber sheets are laid on a blanket, and on top of them goes the heavy wet linen, then a sprinkling of sage or rosemary or whatever. You lower your naked self in a gingerly fashion and stretch out flat, and then Doris, who is wearing what appear to be asbestos gloves to handle what you have just stretched out naked upon, wraps you all up in the rosemary, hot linen, rubber sheets and blanket.

"Do you get claustrophobia?" Doris asked as she put me away for the first time, and even as I said, "No," claustrophobia swept over me in waves. Layers of hot, wet linen weigh a ton, and they cling. You can't move a finger. Doris put a cold cloth on my steamy brow, and I lay there and regarded the ceiling, my thoughts running mostly to graveclothes, winding sheets, wet pucks in asylums and the streets of Laredo, with that poor "cowboy wrapped in white linen" wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

I wasn't cold as the clay, anyhow.

After about five minutes real panic set in, and I raised my head to make sure somebody was going to be around

Dr. B. sprinkles down chests in the "Samaritan baths," shallow pools that keep sunbathers half wet, half dry, so the towels they will absorb moisture like flowers and tops.

of pleasure. None of us would have fallen upon even ice-cream sodas the way we pounce on our four-ounce glasses of tomato bouillon.

As for pleasure, my nightdress has been laid out for me and my bed has been turned down. I have had my herb tea, have taken my bath with the Semiramis bath oil in it and have applied some Elixir d'Or—forthrightly subtitled wrinkle oil—on top of that, as instructed. It has been a long time since I've put in a day like this, and I am not the woman I was at 13, so I am going to turn my negative

when I screamed. At the same moment Ann Becker, across the room, raised her head, and we peered at each other like two turtles on their backs. Mutually reassured by our mutual alarm, we refrained from going to pieces.

The herb wrap is grand for aching muscles and, Doris says, for purifying us generally: heavy smokers exude so much tobacco that the linen necks of us, and since I certainly do ache and no doubt need purifying, I shall try to learn to love the herb wrap.

What else? The food here is beautifully cooked by a chef named Herman McCoy, known as Harmony, who can take all sorts of healthy things and make them palatable and create desserts "as good as if they were fattening," as one of us puts it. However, tomorrow is watermelon day, and we are going to be beyond the reach of all of Harmony's skill.

Harmony is 5 feet 9 and he weighs 268 pounds, but he seems happy in his roundness from which I feel I ought to conclude something.

Wednesday The really exquisite thing about The Golden Door is the sweat suits. We wear pink sweat suits. I fresh ones materialize every day, and we just get up and put them on and walk outdoors. No girdles, garter belts, stockings, heels, hats, hooks, buttons, zippers, petticoats or makeup, and if we're not wearing our sweat suits we are wearing even less, our Terry-cloth togas with nothing underneath. Bliss!

The prebreakfast walk at 7 o'clock is optional, and Monday and Tuesday I opted out, but this morning I woke up at 6:30, I stretched experimentally, and it hardly hurt at all, and I thought about the exercises to come and I didn't flinch, and my blood positively seemed to be circulating instead of lying like a lot of sludge down around my ankles. I leaped out of bed, washed my face with my Golden Door Soap Drops, put on my pink sweat suit and opened the door. It is very misty here at 6:45. I peered out into the gray, looking for a jolly group of morning hikers—there are 17 ladies here, and if I was up and game I assumed that certainly the other 16 would be. All I saw were two rabbits snuffling around in the gravel by my door. The white doves in their cage were cooing in a businesslike way, and I went over to watch them. Very pretty, except for their nasty, beady red eyes. They are kept to symbolize peace of mind, I understand, so everybody gets upset when a cat creeps in and eats one.

By the time I had extracted all the peace of mind I could from the doves I made out a figure in the mist. On the other

side of the swimming pool was Mary Louise Cowling in her pink sweat suit, prowling through the petunias and brandishing her long cigarette holder. Mrs. Cowling is an imperturbable lady who says she loves to get up early in the morning, that she hates bed. "I'm so afraid I might miss something."

Since the other 15 ladies did not seem to share this fear and did not seem to hate their beds, we set off by ourselves for a walk in the little hills around The Golden Door. These hills are full of large round rocks that look like raisins in a pudding, or perhaps I am just hungry. But the country, despite looking like a pudding, is severe, dependent for much of its moisture on the mist that was finally beginning to rise.

"You're not taking enough deep breaths, I notice," Mrs. Cowling said, and by the end of the walk she had given me



Under the serene gaze of a Gothic arch, and breath attended by Doris Hooper, guests here like slams at a clubhouse, steaming in herbs, her linen, rubber sheets and blankets.

more good advice. For one thing, I can stop being afraid of airplanes. "That's a lot of romantic nonsense," Mrs. Cowling told me, "the idea that in a crash everybody is killed!" This is one way of looking at it, all right. In the future when my airplane is making those funny noises, I plan to tell myself firmly that my terror is a lot of romantic nonsense.

"I was in a plane crash when I was a girl," Mrs. Cowling went on. "I was on my way to Europe for the first time. We came down in a cornfield in Ohio, but I knew I wasn't

continued

going to die. I was going to Europe," Mrs. Cowling paused to examine a stalk of wild oats. "I went about Rome in a carriage with a Spaniard from the diplomatic corps," she reminisced. "It was lovely." It was so lovely that her tour, and the other young girls, went on without her, and she had to take a tinny single-engine plane across the mountains to Venice to catch up. "And in Venice I danced on the Lido with an Italian. We couldn't talk to each other, but we both knew the word for heart!" Mrs. Cowling enthusiastically indicated her heart with her cigarette holder—"and we danced together quite beautifully! They both wrote to me for about five years."

I was impressed. One thinks of Spaniards and Italians as romantic but inclined to be flighty; that they should have maintained a five-year correspondence seems powerful evidence for Mrs. Cowling's having been a most charming dancing partner which, as a matter of fact, I am certain she was.

"It must have been romantic," I ventured.

"Oh, it was. It was swell," Mrs. Cowling said happily.

When we got back to The Door I was black in the face from practicing my breathing, and it was time for breakfast. I noticed they had eliminated the skim milk for our coffee.



Instructor Victor Royal demonstrates a yoga exercise called the lion. It does much for sore throats but little for the appearance.

the sly creatures. Today has been watermelon day, and for breakfast we had watermelon. Everybody was fairly cheerful about this. It was a novelty, and we would only have had that half a grapefruit anyway. By lunchtime, though, after exercise and gym and spot reducing and volleyball in the pool, we were hungrier. The luncheon table, with its double row of white plates holding two sculptured, but small, pieces of red watermelon, looked handsome, but not satisfying, and by dinner time there was an air of ill temper, almost of rebellion, abroad. Candlelight shone upon the watermelon, but it didn't do any good. We were saved by Mrs. James Garner, the wife of the actor, who chose this moment to exclaim, looking across her plate of wet black seeds, "Aren't we lucky? Just think of all the people who would love to be in our place!" It was true, and besides, tomorrow will be high-protein day and we will have steak, a thought that cheered us overjoyed.

Lots Garner is slender as a child, and I don't know what she's doing on the crash diet anyway. But at The Golden Door you come to grips with what ails you, and if what ails most of us happens to be fat, still there are some who suffer from thinness, and they come to meals and try to force down a bit of mashed potato with butter, or pie. It is considered good for the stout to sit by the skinny, because, it is pointed out, there will be no guarantee when we are all back on the outside that persons dining with us will never order pie. Very valuable for the overweight, a short course in watching other people eat.

After dinner they generally show movies in the lounge, mediocre to bad movies. The library is full of good books that one has been meaning to read for years, like *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and Schopenhauer's *Aphorisms*, and in our rooms there are the *Thousand Meditations*, which are bits from the major religions and philosophies printed on rough, brown, spiritual-looking paper. But, stupefied with exercise and sun, I felt that I couldn't do justice to Gibbon or the *Leprosists*, and tonight I went to watch *Return to Pecos* Place.

We sprawled comfortably with our feet up and followed Carol Lynley and Tuesday Weld through a lot of stuff about rape, murder, infidelity, illegitimacy and young love—licit and illicit. And eating. The script of that movie must have been concocted with the *Joy of Cooking* open beside the typewriter. It wasn't fancy eating, as in *Tom Jones*, just plain, solid long-distance eating, with a lot of scenes thrown in of the meals being prepared before the scenes in which they were eaten. Coming as it did at the end of watermelon day, it got quite trying.

"What I want," a voice said pensively out of the darkness, "is smoked salmon on thin rye bread with butter, and capers, and a tunaish sandwich on white toast with mayonnaise." Which was bad enough but, worse, a rumor went around that high-protein day was not after all going to begin with an egg for breakfast. I'm sure it can't be good for us to go to bed in this nervous and overexcited condition.

continued

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GOLDEN DOOR *continued*

Thursday Improvement! Terrific! I have lost four pounds. I can do my deep breathing without feeling faint. I can get through the exercises and I don't crackle. My masseuse can massage me and her hands don't bounce off, the way they did Monday when I lay there rigid with tension, and the beauticians think they are winning the battle with my scalp. They were feeling doubtful about my scalp; that was tension, too. But all of us are loosening up. We're allowed to be, we're encouraged to be, we're succeeding in being, perfectly childish. I must say, it has been harder than I would have thought to be childish, I suppose because it was a long way back. But we made it, and are now capable of complete, happy, simple-minded absorption in our terrible games of volleyball and of lying in the sun without a thought cluttering up our minds. No need to sneer that our thoughts doubtless had been poor and silly ones; so much the better to be rid of them.

Apparently the men are better at this than the women. Men take over The Golden Door, beauty salons and all, for three weeks four times a year. Aldous Huxley came, and Bob Cummings, Jim Backus, Stanley Kramer, Johnny Weissmuller, Victor Buono and Sid Gillman. More than half of the men who have been here are repeaters.

Anyway it seems that they can settle down to being childish in a day and, the staff says, they adapt more gracefully to a schedule and a diet. Is this because men have been in the Army, I wonder, or are they used to more regimentation in their work, or is it just because men are better-natured? It was the men who held initiation ceremonies to accept newcomers into what they call The Knights of the Golden Horde, and it was the men who broke into the staff refrigerator where the real food is kept, and a man who woke everybody up at 5 a.m. in the morning playing the march from *The Bridge on the River Kwai* over the loud-speaker system. A woman would have to stay on here several thousand dollars' worth before she achieved that state of mind. J. P. Heyes's husband, Douglas, a TV director and scriptwriter, has been here several times, and J. P. said that

continued



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Dr. B. had even got Doug and Stanley Kramer discussing "What is God?," which went on for hours and is to me clear evidence of a youthful outlook. I mean it has been my experience that you have to be under 22 to stay the course on that subject.

"On the first day," J. P. says, "the men want to make sure there are enough telephone lines for all their important calls, and they say, 'Now, I can't fool around, I have to call New York.' The second day when the phone rings they're saying, 'My God, I can't answer that, I'm in the pool!'"

J. P. gave me all this information late in the afternoon while a group of us were taking the short walk, trailing after Helene, trim and respectable in white, the rest of us a mixed bag (why resist an accurate pun?). Peggy Burnard was wearing blue bedroom slippers. Kay Roberts wore sunglasses, a green celluloid eyeshade and a lot of zinc oxide and was wandering off the road to collect grasses and flowers to dry for arrangements back home in Texas. J. P. sported a yellow terry-cloth turban (I forgot to say that they put oil in our hair, and we retreat much of the time to terry-cloth turbans) and had her cigarettes pushed into a fold of her shirt, like an urchin, except that she was smoking them in a long rhinestone holder. "There's less traffic on this road, and you don't feel like such an ass," J. P. said cheerfully, and I thought that the point was probably well taken, though I felt basically too peaceful to care about it.

Tonight we had an immense, gooey thing for dessert, which Harmony made apparently out of artificial everything—artificial sweetening, artificial whipped cream, even something like an artificial Jell-O. It gave one the odd feeling that it was a culinary mirage. It sat there before our very eyes, green and quivery, but something about knowing it contained virtually no nourishment made it seem imaginary. Note: it is a blow to discover that real Jell-O has calories in it.

Friday I haven't said anything about the yoga. Candy Dyer got out of the pool this afternoon saying, "I've got

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GOLDEN DOOR *continued*

to go get me some of that peace of mind," by which she didn't mean the doves or the *Thousand Meditations*, she meant the yoga.

We are instructed in yoga by Victor Royal. Victor looks faintly mysterious and improbably fit, as becomes a practitioner of yoga, and his name was originally Tom but he had to change it to Victor "for spiritual reasons." He wears a single earring. Victor, neat in shorts and a fishnet top, faces us, lumpy in our sweat suits, and leads us in the simplest of yoga exercises. We curl and stretch and breathe and fold up and unfold. It is delicious. I suppose "delicious" is a rude word to apply to what could be considered games played with a spiritual discipline, but it is descriptive of the exhilaration and feeling of well-being that do result from the very simple exercises. We listen, docile and serious, to Victor telling us about scraping our tongues with our tongue-scrapers and what exercises to do for fits of bad temper, and for as long as two minutes at a time we contemplate life. Since in 45 minutes a day over a five-day period Victor probably does not count on nudging us much closer to Nirvana, I suspect his main concern is that none of us, in an access of zeal, is going to try to stand on her head and break her neck, or more exotically, as I heard him telling one of the ladies, unleash psychic forces for which we are not sufficiently advanced by practicing certain of the one-nostril breathing exercises. The lady to whom he spoke had spent years in India. That isn't the kind of trouble the rest of us are capable of.

Only one more day! We're feeling wonderfully well. Kay and Mary Hall are negotiating with their husbands and with The Golden Door to stay another week, and I think they are right. Another week would consolidate the gains. I suspect I know what will happen to me—I will go home giddy with well-being and will rush around eating and talking and drinking water and gain back all that weight. "Easy go, easy come," I warn myself of my weight loss, and I don't know what could be more proof of euphoria than my calling it "easy go." I have worked like a dog.

continued



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GOLDEN DOOR *continued*

Saturday A solemn moment. They measure us. I have only lost the four pounds, but I am 8 1/4 inches smaller; an inch smaller here, 1/2 inch smaller there. Kay said at lunch that she had told her husband over the phone that she had lost eight inches and he had said, "What!" dumfounded, thinking for a wild moment that she meant she was eight inches shorter.

They have washed all the oil out of our hair, styled it and set it, and manicured us for the last time, and imported a makeup specialist to show us how to gild the lilies we have become. It was great fun, like playing dress-up, when in the middle of the afternoon she did all those things to us that the fashion magazines always assume so casually that everyone does to herself; impressive things with foundation creams and eye liner and mascara. Many of the ladies here—wives of ranchers and lawyers and such—are no more in the habit of dealing with eye liner and mascara than I, and we sat hypnotized, staring into the mirror, as the blonde model put eye shadow on us. We emerged blinking into the sunlight, practically unrecognizable with our new faces and hairdos, and no doubt we were all very beautiful. But we seemed to be carrying our faces around with a careful self-consciousness, as if they were porcelain vases, and nobody dared to get into the swimming pool, and I suddenly realized that it was all over. It was back to the heels and the stockings again.

I looked at everyone, my doe-eyed self included, and I found that I thought, really, that I preferred us all in our pink suits with our hair scooped back and our faces scrubbed clean with our Golden Door Soap Drops. I'm thinner and healthier, and my skin is clear and it does quite glow, just as they said it would, and I have pink polish on my toenails. I am delighted with myself, and with The Golden Door. But when I looked around the table tonight and considered all of us, nicely dressed and handsomely coiffed and suitably made up, and thought about taking all that up again, in addition to the delight I felt a very real pang, a severe pang, at the loss of our pink sweat suits.

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WOLFE



11



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1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26



10

AT THE OLYMPICS 1964

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
100 METERS 2:04.3	PACKER Great Britain 2:01.1*	DEPEREUR France 2:01.9	CHAMBERLAIN New Zealand 2:02.8	400-M INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY (new event)	BOTH U.S.A. 4:43.4*	SAARI U.S.A. 4:47.1	NETZ Germany 4:51.0
80-M HURDLES 10.8	SALZER Germany 10.5	CIEPLA Poland 10.5	KILBORN Australia 10.5	400-M FREESTYLE RELAY (new event)	U.S.A. 3:32.2*	GERMANY 3:37.2	AUSTRALIA 3:39.1
HIGH JUMP 6 ft. 1 1/2 in.	BALAS Hungary 6 ft. 2 3/4 in.	BROWN Australia 3 ft. 10 1/4 in.	CHIRONIK U.S.S.R. 3 ft. 10 in.	800-M FREESTYLE RELAY	U.S.A. 7:32.1*	GERMANY 7:39.3	JAPAN 8:03.8
BROAD JUMP 20 ft. 10 1/2 in.	RAND Great Britain 22 ft. 2 in.*	KIESZTENSTEIN Poland 21 ft. 7 1/4 in.	SHCHIRKIN U.S.S.R. 21 ft. 1 1/2 in.	400-M MEDLEY RELAY	U.S.A. 3:38.4*	GERMANY 4:01.6	AUSTRALIA 4:07.2
SHOTPUT 38 ft. 9 1/2 in.	T. PRESS U.S.S.R. 39 ft. 6 in.	GARLICH Czechoslovakia 37 ft. 9 1/2 in.	JIRINA U.S.S.R. 37 ft. 3 in.	SPRINGBOARD DIVE	SIEZINGER U.S.A.	GERMAN U.S.A.	ANDERSSON U.S.A.
DISCUS 180 ft. 9 1/4 in.	T. PRESS U.S.S.R. 187 ft. 10 1/2 in.	LOTZ Germany 187 ft. 9 1/2 in.	MANLIU Hungary 186 ft. 10 1/4 in.	PLATFORM DIVE	WEBSTER U.S.A.	DEBIASI Italy	GOMPF U.S.A.
JAVELIN 192 ft. 7 1/4 in.	PERES Hungary 200 ft. 7 1/2 in.	KUDAS-ANTAL Hungary 191 ft. 2 in.	CORONADOVA U.S.S.R. 187 ft. 2 1/2 in.	Women			
PENTATHLON (new event)	1. PRESS U.S.S.R. 5,345 points*	RAND Great Britain 5,015	KISEROVA U.S.S.R. 4,836	100-M FREESTYLE	FRASER Australia 38.5	STOUDER U.S.A. 39.9	ELLIS U.S.A. 1:00.8
SWIMMING	100-M FREESTYLE 1:37.2	SCHOLLANDER U.S.A. 1:34.4	KLEIN Germany 1:40.0	400-M FREESTYLE	QUEANIEL U.S.A. 4:48.2	RAKHITSKY U.S.A. 4:48.6	STICHALES U.S.A. 4:47.2
	400-M FREESTYLE 4:18.2	SCHOLLANDER U.S.A. 4:12.2*	WOOD Australia 4:13.1	100-M BACKSTROKE	FERGUSON U.S.A. 1:07.7*	CARON France 1:07.9	DUINKEL U.S.A. 1:08.9
	1,500-M FREESTYLE 17:39.8	WINDLE Australia 17:01.7	WOOD Australia 17:07.2	200-M BACKSTROKE	PROZUMEN-SHCHIRKOVA U.S.S.R. 2:46.4	NOLD U.S.A. 2:47.6	BABIANA U.S.S.R. 2:48.6
	200-M BACKSTROKE 2:47.0	GRAF U.S.A. 2:50.3*	BENNETT U.S.A. 2:52.1	100-M BUTTERFLY	STOUDER U.S.A. 1:54.7*	KOK Netherlands 1:55.6	ELLIS U.S.A. 1:56.9
	200-M BREASTSTROKE 2:37.2	O'BRIEN Australia 2:37.8*	PROZUMENKO U.S.S.R. 2:38.2	400-M INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY (new event)	DE VARNIA U.S.A. 5:18.7	FINNERAN U.S.A. 5:24.1	RANDALL U.S.A. 5:24.2
	200-M BUTTERFLY 2:42.8	BERRY Australia 2:46.6*	BOHNE U.S.A. 2:47.3	400-M FREESTYLE RELAY	U.S.A. 4:03.6*	AUSTRALIA 4:06.9	NETHERLANDS 4:12.0
				400-M MEDLEY RELAY	U.S.A. 4:22.8*	NETHERLANDS 4:27.0	U.S.S.R. 4:26.2
				SPRINGBOARD DIVE	KRÄNER Germany U.S.A.	COLLIER U.S.A.	WILLARD U.S.A.
				PLATFORM DIVE	BUSH U.S.A.	KRÄNER Germany	ALEKSEYEVA U.S.S.R.
				BASKETBALL	U.S.A.	U.S.S.R.	BRAZIL



GRAEF



FERGUSON



WINDLE



KRÄNER



STOUDER



PROZUMENSHCHIKOVA

CONTINUED



EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
BOXING				TANDEN SPRINT	ITALY	U.S.S.R.	GERMANY
FLYWEIGHT	ATZORI Italy	OLECH Poland	CARMODY, U.S.A. SODANO, U.S.S.R.	TEAM PURSUIT	GERMANY	ITALY	NETHERLANDS
BANTAMWEIGHT	SAKURAI Japan	CHUNG Korea	MENDOZA, Mex. RODRIGUEZ, Uru.	INDIVIDUAL PURSUIT	GALLER Czechoslovakia	ORSI Italy	ISAKSSON Denmark
FEATHERWEIGHT	STEPASHKIN U.S.S.R.	VILLANUEVA Philippines	BROWN, U.S.A. SCHULZ, Ger.	ROAD RACE, INDIVIDUAL	ZARIN Italy	ROOLAN Belgium	COEFOOT Belgium
LIGHTWEIGHT	GRUCZIN Poland	SARANKINOV U.S.S.R.	HARRIS, U.S.A. McCOBERT, Gt.	ROAD RACE, TEAM	NETHERLANDS	ITALY	SWEDEN
LIGHT WELTERWEIGHT	KULI Poland	PROLOV U.S.S.R.	BLAY, Ghana GALINA, Tan.	EQUESTRIAN			
WELTERWEIGHT	KASPRZYK Poland	TAMULIS U.S.S.R.	PURMISH, Fin. BERTINI, Italy	THREE-DAY	CROCCOLI Italy	MORATORIO Argentina	LIGGES Germany
LIGHT MIDDLEWEIGHT	LASUTH U.S.S.R.	GONZALES France	WATYQUE, Mex. CRZESNAK, Pol.	THREE-DAY TEAM	ITALY	U.S.A.	GERMANY
MIDDLEWEIGHT	POPERCHENKO U.S.S.R.	E. SCHULZ Germany	VALLE, Italy WALDER, Pol.	DRESSAGE	CHARNATTE Switzerland	BOLOT Germany	FILATOV U.S.S.R.
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	PHITO Italy	KISELEV U.S.S.R.	PIETRZYKOWSKI Poland NICOLOV, Bul.	DRESSAGE TEAM	GERMANY	SWITZERLAND	U.S.S.R.
HEAVYWEIGHT	FRAZIER U.S.A.	WEIER Germany	ROS, Italy YEMELTANOV, U.S.S.R.	GRAND PRIX JUMP	O'DRILLA Germany	SCHNODDE Germany	ROBESON Great Britain
CANOEING				GRAND PRIX JUMP, TEAM	GERMANY	FRANCE	ITALY
KAYAK SINGLES	PETERSON Sweden	HESZ Hungary	VERNESCU Romania	FENCING			
KAYAK PAIRS	SWEDEN	NETHERLANDS	GERMANY	FOIL	FRANKE Poland	MAGNAN France	REVERU France
KAYAK FOURS	U.S.S.R.	GERMANY	ROMANIA	FOIL TEAM	U.S.S.R.	POLAND	FRANCE
CANADIAN SINGLES	ESCHERT Germany	IGOROV Romania	PERFAEV U.S.S.R.	ÉPÉE	KRISS U.S.S.R.	NOSEKYS Czechoslovakia	KOSTOVA U.S.S.R.
CANADIAN PAIRS	U.S.S.R.	FRANCE	DENMARK	ÉPÉE TEAM	HUNGARY	ITALY	FRANCE
Women				SABER	PEZZA Hungary	ARABO France	MAVLIKHANOV U.S.S.R.
KAYAK SINGLES	KHVEDOSTYUK U.S.S.R.	LAUER Romania	JONES U.S.A.	SABER TEAM	U.S.S.R.	ITALY	POLAND
KAYAK PAIRS	GERMANY	U.S.A.	ROMANIA	Women			
GYMNASICS				FOIL	REJTO Hungary	MEES Germany	BAGHO Italy
1,000-ML. TIME TRIAL	SERGE Belgium	PETTENELLA Italy	TRENTIN France	FOIL TEAM	HUNGARY	U.S.S.R.	GERMANY
SCRATCH SPRINT	PETTENELLA Italy	BRANCHETTO Italy	MORTLOH France	FIELD HOCKEY	INDIA	PAKISTAN	AUSTRALIA
				GYMNASICS			
				TEAM	JAPAN	U.S.S.R.	GERMANY
				ALL-AROUND	CHOD Japan	TSUREMI Japan SHAKAPULIN, U.S.S.R. LEOTICHI, U.S.S.R.	



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Surprise!

Bet you think this '65 Buick beauty is above and beyond your new-car budget. Wrong. Chances are it's within range of what you may lavish on something less.

On a car without the rich Body by Fisher design that means Buick.

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And you should know what Buick engineering means. Find out firsthand. Drive the LeSabre pictured. Or Wildcat, Electra 225, Riviera, Skylark, Special. Suddenly, only Buick will do. And suddenly your wallet never looked so good.



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they're serving Hiram Walker Cordials



Dusk comes earlier now. Down the road the lights are going on.

A pleasant evening to sit by the fire. To greet friends with Hiram Walker Cordials.

Perhaps with Biarritz Cocktails (juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lime, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Hiram Walker Orange Curacao, 2 oz. Hiram Walker Brandy. Shake with ice. Strain into cocktail glass.)

After dinner, leisurely discussion, and many choices. Green Creme de Menthe or Brown Creme de Cacao on the rocks.



Or a Midway's Cocktail (2 parts Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy, $\frac{1}{2}$ part coffee cream. Shake with ice. Strain into cocktail glass.)

A breeze has sprung up. The night is clear. There's no hurry. A pleasant time to be in pleasant company, with Hiram Walker Cordials.

Creme de Menthe, Creme de Cacao, Orange Curacao, 40 proof; Blackberry Flavored Brandy, 50 proof; Hiram Walker Brandy, 40 proof; Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

HIRAM WALKER CORDIALS

A RAINBOW OF CONTEMPORARY FLAVORS



EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
Gymnastics continued				Rowing			
HORIZONTAL BAR	SHAKHLIN U.S.S.R.	TITOV U.S.S.R.	CEAR Yugoslavia	SINGLE SCULLS	IKHNOV U.S.S.R.	HILL Germany	KOTTWANN Switzerland
PARALLEL BARS	ENDO Japan	TSUBUNI Japan	MENICHELLI Italy	DOUBLE SCULLS	U.S.S.R.	U.S.A.	CZICHU SLOVAKIA
SIDE HORSE	CEAR Yugoslavia	TSUBUNI Japan	TSAPENKO U.S.S.R.	PAIRS	CANADA	NETHERLANDS	GERMANY
FLYING RINGS	KAYATA Japan	MENICHELLI Italy	SHAKHLIN U.S.S.R.	COXED PAIRS	U.S.A.	FRANCE	NETHERLANDS
LONG-HORSE VAULT	YAMASHITA Japan	LISITSKI U.S.S.R.	BANTAKARI Finland	FOURS	DENMARK	GREAT BRITAIN	U.S.A.
FREE-STANDING	MENICHELLI Italy	ENDO, Japan LISITSKI U.S.S.R.		COXED FOURS	GERMANY	ITALY	NETHERLANDS
Women				Shooting			
TEAM	U.S.S.R.	CZICHU SLOVAKIA	JAPAN	EIGHTS	U.S.A.	GERMANY	CZICHU SLOVAKIA
ALL-AROUND	CASLAVSKA Czechoslovakia	LATINIINA U.S.S.R.	ASTAKHOVA U.S.S.R.	SHOOTING			
UNEVEN PARALLEL BARS	ASTAKHOVA U.S.S.R.	MAKRAY Hungary	LATINIINA U.S.S.R.	FREE RIFLE	ANDERSON U.S.A.	KVELIKASHVILI U.S.S.R.	GUNNARSSON U.S.A.
LONG-HORSE VAULT	CASLAVSKA Czechoslovakia	LATINIINA, U.S.S.R. KROSCICLA, Ger.		SMALL BORE, THREE POSITION	WIGGER U.S.A.	KRISTOV Bulgaria	WÄNNERL Hungary
BALANCE BEAM	CASLAVSKA Czechoslovakia	MAIINA, U.S.S.R.	LATINIINA U.S.S.R.	SMALL BORE, PRONE	WÄNNERL Hungary	WIGGER U.S.A.	POOL U.S.A.
FREE-STANDING	LATINIINA U.S.S.R.	ASTAKHOVA U.S.S.R.	JAMOSI Hungary	FREE PISTOL	MARKKANEN Finland	GREEN U.S.A.	YOSHIMAKA Japan
Judo				RAPID-FIRE PISTOL	LUNDQVIST Finland	TRIPSA Romania	MACOVSKY Czechoslovakia
LIGHTWEIGHT	NAKATANI Japan	HALDNE Switzerland	BOGOLYUBOV, U.S.S.R. STEFANOV, U.S.S.R.	CLAY PIGEON	MATTARELLI Italy	SEHICHOV U.S.S.R.	MOBBS U.S.A.
MIDDLEWEIGHT	OKANO Japan	HOFMANN Germany	BRECHMAN, U.S.A. KIM, Korea	SOCCER	HUNGARY	CZICHU SLOVAKIA	GERMANY
HEAVYWEIGHT	YOKUMI Japan	ROGERS Canada	CHIKVILADZE, U.S.S.R. KIKHADZE, U.S.S.R.	VOLLEYBALL	U.S.S.R.	CZICHU SLOVAKIA	JAPAN
ALL WEIGHTS	GEESINK Netherlands	KAMINAGA Japan	BOROVYCHSKIS, Australia OLANK, Ger.	Women	JAPAN	U.S.S.R.	POLAND
MODERN PENTATHLON				WATER POLO	HUNGARY	YUGOSLAVIA	U.S.S.R.
INDIVIDUAL	TOROK Hungary	NOVIKOV U.S.S.R.	MOSEYEV U.S.S.R.	WEIGHT LIFTING			
TEAM	U.S.S.R.	U.S.A.	HUNGARY	BANTAMWEIGHT	YARKOVIN U.S.S.R.	FOLOI Hungary	ICHINOSERI Japan
				FEATHERWEIGHT	MIYAKE Japan	BERGER U.S.S.R.	NOVAK Poland



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CONTINUED



EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
WEIGHT LIFTING <i>continued</i>				HEAVYWEIGHT	IVANITSKI U.S.S.R.	OLBER Bulgaria	KAPLAN Turkey
LIGHTWEIGHT	BACIANDZSKI Poland	KAPLONOV U.S.S.R.	JELINSKI Poland	Graeco-Roman			
MIDDLEWEIGHT	ZORAZILA Czechoslovakia	KURENTSOV U.S.S.R.	ORUCHI Japan	FLYWEIGHT	NAKANABA Japan	KERIEV Bulgaria	PIRVULESCU Romania
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	FLYBATELOV U.S.S.R.	TOTI Hungary	VERES Hungary	BANTAMWEIGHT	IKEDUCHI Japan	EDOSTANOKI U.S.S.R.	CERNEA Romania
MIDDLE HEAVYWEIGHT	GOLDANOV U.S.S.R.	MARSH Great Britain	PALINSKI Poland	FEATHERWEIGHT	POLYAR Hungary	BOLJA U.S.S.R.	MARTINOVIC Yugoslavia
HEAVYWEIGHT	ZHABOTINSKI U.S.S.R.	VLASOV U.S.S.R.	SCHMANGUY U.S.A.	LIGHTWEIGHT	AYVAZ Turkey	BULARCA Romania	GVANTZELADZE U.S.S.R.
WRESTLING				WELTERWEIGHT	KOLESOV U.S.S.R.	TOOROV Bulgaria	HYSTROM Sweden
Freestyle				MIDDLEWEIGHT	SIMIC Yugoslavia	KORMANIK Czechoslovakia	MEIZ Germany
FLYWEIGHT	YOSHIDA Japan	CHANG Russia	NAYGARI Iran	LIGHT AVYWEIGHT	ALEXANDROV Bulgaria	SVENSSON Sweden	KIEL Germany
BANTAMWEIGHT	SETAKE Japan	ARBAG Turkey	IBRAGIMOV U.S.S.R.	HEAVYWEIGHT	KOTMA Hungary	KOSCHIN U.S.S.R.	OETTRICH Germany
FEATHERWEIGHT	WATANABE Japan	IVANOV Bulgaria	KHORMADZILI U.S.S.R.	YACHTING			
LIGHTWEIGHT	QIMOV Bulgaria	ROST Germany	KORRACHI Japan	5.5-METER	"BARRILUXE" Australia	"RUSH WII" Sweden	"BINGO" U.S.A.
WELTERWEIGHT	OGAN Turkey	SAGARADZE U.S.S.R.	SANLIKARAH Iran	DRAGON	"WHITE LAGO" Denmark	"MUTATO" Germany	"AMRODITE" U.S.A.
MIDDLEWEIGHT	GARSHV Bulgaria	CUNGOV Turkey	BRAND U.S.A.	STAR	"SEM" Bahamas	"GLIDER" U.S.A.	"HUMBUG V" Sweden
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WHERE THE MEDALS WENT

NATION	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	TOTAL	NATION	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	TOTAL
U.S.S.R.	30	31	35	96	SWITZERLAND	1	2	1	4
U.S.A.	36	28	28	92	BELGIUM	2		1	3
GERMANY	10	22	18	50	KOREA		2	1	3
JAPAN	16	5	8	29	TRINIDAD & TOBAGO		1	2	3
ITALY	10	10	7	27	TUNISIA		1	1	2
POLAND	7	6	10	23	IRAN			2	2
HUNGARY	10	7	5	22	BAHAMAS	1			1
AUSTRALIA	8	2	10	18	ETHIOPIA	1			1
GREAT BRITAIN	4	12	2	18	INDIA	1			1
FRANCE	1	8	8	15	ARGENTINA		1		1
CZECHOSLOVAKIA	5	8	3	14	CUBA			1	1
ROMANIA	2	4	6	12	PAKISTAN		1		1
BULGARIA	3	5	2	10	PHILIPPINES		1		1
NETHERLANDS	2	4	4	10	BRAZIL			1	1
SWEDEN	2	2	4	8	GHANA			1	1
TURKEY	2	3	1	6	IRELAND			1	1
DENMARK	2	1	3	6	KENYA			1	1
FINLAND	3		2	5	MEXICO			1	1
NEW ZEALAND	3		2	5	NIGERIA			1	1
YUGOSLAVIA	2	1	2	5	URUGUAY			1	1
CANADA	1	2	1	4		163	167	174	504

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE CASTOFFS

Sirs:

I have been a Yankee fan all my life, but no longer. The CBS deal was bad enough, but firing Yogi, one of the greatest Yankees of all time, was the clincher.

I do not like my baseball CBS style. Will the Yankee Haters of America accept a new member?

PAUL ECHOLS

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

Mel Allen may be out as The Voice of the Yankees for any number of reasons that have been rumored since the 1962 World Series, but your rather snide reference to Mel's clothes and your remark about "picking him up by his ears" (Sports Illustrated, Oct. 19) belong in a far less knowledgeable publication than Sports Illustrated.

There are very few in our profession who combine the technique required of a play-by-play baseball broadcaster with the insight into this very complex game and deliver both with the voice and eloquence that enable them to impart the word picture to a radio audience without slipping into at least a few of the hackneyed phrases and the inevitable redundancies you find so distasteful.

PETE BROWN

Rochester, N.Y.

LICENSES FOR EVERYONE

Sirs:

In your article *To Fight or Not to Fight* (Sept. 7), Author Robert Boyle says, referring to me, that "McKenzie is best known in boxing circles as the commissioner who forgot to license anyone—fighters, seconds, managers, promoter—for the Patterson-McNeely title fight in Toronto." As a matter of fact, all parties connected with the fight were licensed.

Frank Tunney of Toronto held the promoter's license for this show and paid \$500 for this yearly license.

The principals were issued licenses on October 16, 1961.

Pete Fuller of Boston was issued a manager's license. He also received seconds' licenses for Cleveland Spunney and Johnny Dunsmuir of Massachusetts. Julius November received seconds' licenses for Ray Watson, Don Florio, Cio D'Amato and Nick Florio.

D'Amato was refused a manager's license as he could not produce a managerial contract.

I. M. MCKENZIE, President
World Boxing Association

Toronto

COUP DE GRACE

Sirs:

After considering very carefully the case of Buffalo Slayer Rud Basato in the October 19 issue of SI, I am going to recommend sending him back to the beginners' class to keep company with Buffalo Bill, who never got out of it.

If Buffalo Slayer Basato would study the subject, he would learn that the three vulnerable shots on a buffalo are neck, heart and head, with the latter a poor third. The neck shot is always fatal, one bullet does it. The heart is the same, if the hunter shoots low enough. But no self-respecting buffalo hunter ever wasted ammunition on an uncertain head shot. The real buffalo hunters, like F. H. Mayer, learned how to kill an animal with one merciful shot—no botched-up jobs. Mayer himself once took 39 animals with 63 cartridges, a hunter named McRae killed 54 with 54 cartridges, all one-shot dropping kills, in one day Mayer took 269 hides with 300 shots. The guns they used were "inferior" to the modern .300 Magnums, being old, black-powder smoke sticks. They were inferior but they killed better.

C. B. ROSE

Denver

STAND ON SOCCER

Sirs:

I hope members of every American Embassy and consulate will read your article on British soccer (*Six Dream Days—Then Some*), SI, Oct. 12).

NORMAN W. HALEY

St. Louis

Sirs:

Jack Olsen probably comes as near as any non-Britisher could to understanding football and its relationship to our way of life. I fear, however, that the article is inevitably nostalgic and largely historical in that football's emotional grip is sending it to its propitiation to the increase in our affluence.

I must admonish Olsen when he says, "I found a year next to an elderly Georgian" even today, Jack, so really enjoy football you must stand I shall be in New York later this month and will come to an American football game to see if I can generate a reciprocal emotion in Mr. Olsen's.

G. S. SMART

Radcliffe-on-Trent
Nottingham, England

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's splendid story on British football rates him three cheers. Having braved the goal-zone crowds at the Liver-

pool, England



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18TH HOLE

pool pitch just one year ago, I can vouch for the drama he portrays. But the really amazing thing about the matches is the price of admission. I paid either 2s. 6d. (135¢) for local (49¢) to stand opposite the Kip and watch the lads shoot. Much of our U.S. football is priced so high that being an active team supporter requires either a varsity pass or a five-figure income. Might we learn a lesson from British football, or are we doomed to being bar TV fans, getting our Saturday "religion" from the cold, inquisitorial box and missing all the taste, scent and sound of our game?

CHARLES H. HILLIERS

Arlington, Va.

ON THE ROPES

Sirs:

Your picture of former boxer Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson (SL, Oct. 12) actually shocked me. As realistic as I try to be, I find it hard to comprehend how a former heavyweight contender could end up as a shoeshine boy on the streets of New York. You had an editorial in that same issue that pointed out the pension plans of the major sports. Some were quite lucrative and large, others were not so good. But at least other professionals receive some pension when they retire. It looks as if Jackson is lucky to receive a dirty shoe now and then.

It is easy for the rest of us, in our comfortable and full lives, to look at this former great athlete and turn away. Perhaps his problems are a result of his own mistakes. But none of us is perfect. And I, for one, find it hard to look at this pitiful picture of a fighter who once gave me pleasure on the *Fights Night Fights* and see him in his current state.

Congratulations, boxing. And may you be flattered in the eighth.

DENNIS M. SANDERS

Durham, N.C.

MOLD AND FASHION

Sirs:

As a doctoral candidate and teaching assistant in physical education, I was sorry to note the implication in your article on Dick Butkus (*Here's a Hint of Violence*, Oct. 12) that physical education courses are inserted in the curriculum merely as a means of avoiding football players to get through college. Today's physical education majors are prepared to educate the whole child. Man is not atomistic; we cannot separate him into mind and body and educate each separately. Where else in the school curriculum is the child subjected to so many types of educable moments? Physical education has progressed far beyond calisthenics for an hour.

Socrates said, "Let them fashion the mind... even as they finely mold the body." That is what the majority of us are trying to do. Give us a break!

PETER B. SAMUELS

Stanford, Calif.

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Short Happy Afternoon of Bart Macomber

by HOWARD FRANKLIN

A lot of years ago, just before World War I crossed the Atlantic, a football upset took place—perhaps the most upsetting upset in American college gridiron history. It was in the Minnesota-Illinois game on November 4, 1916, and it marked a high point in the career of Bob Zupke, Illinois' coach. Bart Macomber, the Illinois captain and quarterback that day, had by then worn Zup's colors for more seasons and games than any other player.

Minnesota had a powerful team. Hal Hanson was at right half. Bert Baston, All-America end (and captain); Fullback A. D. Wyman and Quarterback C. T. Long. They had defeated South Dakota, 81-0; Wisconsin, 54-0; Chicago, 49-0; Iowa, 67-0; North Dakota, 47-7. The Gopher coach, Dr. Henry Williams, truly had assembled a steamroller.

The Illini were nursing a bruised pride from a disappointing season. They had lost to Colgate, 15-3; to Ohio State, 7-6; had got past Purdue, 14-7; but had been trimmed by Chicago, 20-7. Wisconsin, one of the Minnesota maulees, had held them to a scoreless tie. Much of the betting money was asserting the Gophers would score 40, 50 and even 60 points. If you had wanted to wager that Illinois would at least score, you would have found some long odds there as well. Ring Lardner wrote a humorous letter, pregame, to Zup and the Illini in his newspaper column. In it he urged them, as a friend, to forget the trip to Minneapolis and just stay in Chicago and see a play. The lucky players, he said, were those on crutches, since they would not have to face the northern monster.

The Illinois team took the train from Champaign a little after noon on Thursday. They dozed, played cards or viewed the passing scenery. There was no steam, no fire, no win-this-one-for-sure. The no-

tion itself was insane. Bob Zupke puffed on his cigar and looked moodily out the window.

"Zup was a near-martinet on the practice field," Bart Macomber recalls, "and wanted it strictly understood he was boss there at all times. He believed in thorough practice, monotonous drill, with perfection the goal. He was quick to criticize errors, but rarely given to praise. Off the field he was a mild, almost bland individual, about 5 feet 7, 165 pounds, light hair and complexion. Rather of the professor type, if you know what I mean."

"He earned a basketball letter at Wisconsin; football there amounted to four years of scrub. He taught history and coached football at Oak Park High, near Chicago. I believe he made about \$2,500 at that job while I played for him there. We had three years undefeated, then he was offered the Illinois coaching post—at an increase in salary, of course. Our last year at Oak Park, the class of 1912, two on that team went on to All-America. They were Milton Ghee at Dartmouth and myself at Illinois. A third member of our team, Pete Russell, made All-Western at Chicago U."

The train got to Minneapolis Friday morning. Zup's boys went early to the enemy stadium to run some signals and look over the plant. All noticed with relief that the ground was not frozen. Minnesota's tackling was murderous enough on softer soil.

Bart Macomber recalls it this way: "We began practicing. We were so nervous and upset we could not even hang onto the ball. Coach Bob soon saw that the whole effort was useless. He was afraid it would only demoralize us for the next day. So he called practice off. He waited a bit for full attention and said, 'If you are going to be slaughtered tomorrow, you might as well break training and have a good time tonight.' He told us to try to relax, to eat and drink whatever we liked, maybe see a show. We trooped back to our hotel, the Radisson. The whole squad of 25, including coaching staff, napped and idled the afternoon away. That evening we went on the town. No one counted the drinks or the beers. We ate large dinners and moved the celebration over to a burlesque house. There was no bed check."

Kickoff time was two o'clock, Saturday. Twenty-five thousand chomping Gopher fans sat in the wooden stands, an impressive crowd in 1916. The day again was overcast but dry, with temperature in the mid-40s. Illinois took the field at 1:30 and moved the ball around for several minutes. Then the Illinois players stood in awe as Mighty Minnesota, three deep, came charging out. Somebody said that the Gophers did not look so big, after all.

Minnesota won the toss and chose to receive. Macomber kicked off to Shorty Long in the end zone. Long fumbled, recovered, moved to the 15. Joe Sprafka carried first and several linemen hit him for no gain. Illinois continued to hold, and A. D. Wyman had to punt to Dutch Sternaman, who made about 10 yards. Robert Knop,



MACOMBER WAS ILLINI CAPTAIN AND QUARTERBACK

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Bart Macomber

Illinois fullback, was assigned to hit the line at center, but the Gopher line wall was impassable. Then Macomber called for a spread formation, employed in this game for the first time by any team. Linemen took up their positions 10 yards apart, the backs doing the same to form a distended box. The opposing linemen and defensemen simply did not know, in the sudden confusion, whether to play opposite the man or the space. Sternaman collected Macomber's pass for a 25-yard gain. Then, behind perfect interference, the Illinois halfbackers rang up two first downs to the Minnesota five. An offside penalty put the ball on the one-yard line, Macomber went over, then kicked goal.

Minnesota received again, very sure of itself. Illinois held for the first two downs. The Gophers then bailed out their formidable pass combination, Wyman to Bert Baston. One of Zup's then grazed Wyman's passing arm, resulting in a shot that was wobbly and slightly off line. Reynold Kraft, Illini left end, intercepted in midfield. With spectacular interference, Kraft raced to a touchdown, Macomber converted and the half ended, Illinois 14, Minnesota 0. The upset had begun. Macomber again.

"I can't emphasize enough, really, the inventive skill, the sheer football genius and insight that Zup possessed. He was always thinking up, working out, new tactics and ways of improving old ones. That spread formation, for instance, was his invention. We practiced it a lot that season, rather openly. Scouting was not too prevalent at that time. Innovations! The word should be synonymous with Zuppke. Do you know that he thought up the huddle and was first to use it? In later days he told the writers it was not mainly, as commonly supposed, his answer to crowd noise, although that did make signals hard to hear. He felt it was a logical extension of technique because of increasing complexities of the plays coming into use. Many of them simply demanded the clustering of players in order for everyone to know who does what.

"Then he came up with an extension of the same idea: to call two, or three, or more consecutive plays from a single huddle or signal. Zup taught me a valuable trick of another kind. I was instructed, after my kick or pass, to move quickly to the side of the field where the football went. The player receiving or

intercepting had me, going straight for him as a defenseman. Out of bounds was on one side of him, our heavy tacklers were on the other."

Between halves, Zuppke warned that the Gophers would come back strong. He was right. The second half was mostly all Minnesota, now moving powerfully with perfect line plays. Three first downs took them to the visitors' 35. Line charges again, plus a 15-yard penalty against Illinois, set up a 1D from the five. Baston kicked goal. A punting duel ensued, until Sternaman furnished a catch on the five and had to fall on it behind his goal line. Score: Illinois, 14, Minnesota, 9. The Gophers threatened repeatedly, but timing seemed to suffer as they became increasingly anxious to get another score on the board. There was a crucial fumble, and, again, a saving interception.

"Zup had told me to stall as much and as long as I could get away with it," Macomber says. "I killed all the time I could as those angry fans screamed at me with time running out. My shoes needed tugging, one, then the other. Shoulder pads weren't adjusting, or something was wrong with the way they were laced. I misfired signals a few times. The whistle was blown on me twice, each time for a five-yard penalty. The stalling rules then were not too strict."

It all led to what Sports writer Harry Grayson called, years later, "the greatest football upset of all time." Minnesota, according to Macomber's recollection, used some 33 players. For the Illini the same 11 men played 60 minutes of hard ball. The final score was 14-9.

An Illini publicity man, Mike Tobin, was in New York that day on his wedding trip. He telephoned for the game results. The first newspaper he called told him the lopsided score. Tobin was pleased, but then puzzled and even skeptical. He figured that the eastern papers did not know one team from another, especially midwestern teams and that the paper had simply reversed the score. It was not until he read a full account of the game in the paper later that he believed Illinois had really won.

For Bart Macomber, who is nowadays a retired businessman in Portland, Ore., the upset remains a monument in his memory to the ingenuity of Bob Zuppke. "Zup had so many tricks up his sleeve or in the mill," he says, "one cannot recall them all."

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